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**AUTUMN
LANDSCAPE**

"These aren't

bow-and-arrow days, Dad..."



It is the friendly fashion of younger Australians to refer to returned men of the '14-18 War as the "bow-and-arrow men." And veterans of Flanders and Gallipoli smile understandingly. But how many young men appreciate that many of the techniques of World War II are equally obsolete to-day . . . equally outmoded? The need for highly-skilled, specialist-trained permanent Forces in Australia has arisen because of modern scientific developments, new and complex weapons, new demands upon the skills of specially trained men . . . men of intelligence as well as of physical fitness . . . keen, ambitious men with a genuine desire for advancement and for an opportunity to serve Australia honourably and well.

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"This is dull enough to send any child to sleep," Mrs. Belchamber said, opening the guide book.

The Spell

By
ELIZABETH CADELL

ILLUSTRATED BY DALGLEISH

WITH a frown, Christopher said, "Come on, Scotty. Speak up. I'm worried."
"The best doctor here," said Scotty, "is a chap called Curtis. But I don't—"

"Well, will you ring him up, or shall I?"
"Oh—yes," said Scotty decidedly. "Definitely, you. He doesn't like me."

"Well, I'm not going to hold that against him. What's his number?"

"Four eight two. You'd better explain that this is nothing to do with me. You see, he doesn't realise that I like my animals better than I like most humans. The first time I ever rang him up was one of those mix-ups you can't explain afterwards. You see, the vet's number is eight four two—"

"You called him in mistake?" Christopher asked.

"It was winter, and snowing, and the cowsheds were leaking and my best cow was dying. I don't know to this day what I said, but I rang up what I thought was the vet's number and the doctor came out here, through the blizzard, thinking he was coming to a Mrs. Wintergreen. So I'm on his black list."

"Four eight two."
Christopher went inside to see Mrs. Belchamber's black hat bent over the old-

fashioned range. There was a tattered cloth on the table, and some battered spoons and forks. Mrs. Belchamber straightened and looked irritably at Christopher.

"This peculiar friend of yours," she began, "hasn't he any possessions?"

"Possessions?"
"Doesn't he own anything besides cows? He has no spare sheets, no spare blankets, no silver or glass, saucepans without lids and buckets without bottoms. If I'm to cook I must have something to cook with. I could find only two eggs—with all those hens making all that clatter out there, why should there be only two? And I want some milk."

Christopher took the largest jug he could find and filled it from one of the churns in the dairy, then telephoned the doctor. Inquiring about the eggs, he was informed by Scotty that there were scores of eggs, if only one knew where to look for them.

"The hens lay," he said. "But they choose out-of-the-way little corners. Send the earl and his little brother on an egg hunt."

Robert and Paul found egg-hunting an enchanting game; Mrs. Belchamber found egg cooking less amusing. She provided, however, a breakfast solid enough to satisfy the keenest appetite, and served it with acid comment.

"That range," she told Scotty, "hasn't been

cleaned properly for years. Didn't I understand that a woman comes to work for you?"

"Mrs. Garcia," said Scotty. "I make my own breakfast and she clears it up and cleans up generally and then cooks me a midday meal and leaves a bit of cold supper in the cupboard before she goes."

"Well, judging from the state of this place," said Mrs. Belchamber, "cleans up" is a gross overstatement. What time is the doctor coming?"

"Any time now," said Christopher.
He finished his breakfast, went upstairs and sat on Josette's bed, rubbing one of her hands gently and murmuring comforting sentences. Soon he heard footsteps and Mrs. Belchamber ushered in the doctor.

Christopher saw that he was middle-aged, of a short, stocky build, and with a pugnacious jaw that made Christopher understand the dangers of bringing him out on wild-goose chases.

His examination was brief; he closed his bag and gave the patient a reassuring smile.
"You'll be fine," he said. "We'll soon have you out there milking all the cows."

He went downstairs, followed by Christopher, with Mrs. Belchamber leading.

"Well, what?" she inquired abruptly.
"Measles," said the doctor. "Has there been any sort of contact, do you know?"

"None, as far as I know," said Christopher. As he spoke, Ursula's words rushed to his mind. Monique had had a fever. "Well, yes, I think perhaps there was—but I didn't know. Can I get a bed in a nursing home anywhere near?"

"What'd you want a bed in a nursing home for?" demanded Mrs. Belchamber.

"This place isn't exactly fitted out with all the conveniences," pointed out Christopher.

"Certainly it isn't," said Mrs. Belchamber, "but this isn't the time to worry about yourself. You've got a sick child up there and she'll want careful nursing, not carrying from nursing home to nursing home. She won't notice any lack of home comforts for a little while." She turned to the doctor. "Will she?"

"She'll be all right here if there's someone to nurse her," said the doctor.

"Leave it to me," said Mrs. Belchamber.

The doctor wrote a prescription, tore it off his pad and handed it to her.

"Get that and follow the directions," he ordered. "What about those two boys out there? Any symptoms?"

"Not so far," said Christopher, "but I suppose it's only a matter of time."

"Not necessarily. Well—I'll be here in the morning," said the doctor.

Please turn to page 4

PART TWO OF THIS ENGROSSING SERIAL

A STARTLING responsibility is suddenly thrust upon CHRISTOPHER HERON when, as a result of complicated family affairs, he unexpectedly finds himself guardian to his three young Anglo-French cousins, ROBERT, who displaced him as Earl of Pierahurst, PAUL, and JOSETTE.

As the children's ancestral home was recently burnt out, Christopher decides to house them temporarily at his London flat, but all sorts of hazards complicate their journey from Paris.

MRS. BELCHAMBER, grim and dominating widow, insists on attaching herself to the party. Josette develops a fever. Heavy fog, when they land in England, prevents them from attempting the drive up to London.

Almost in despair, Christopher telephones his friend, SCOTTY LINDEN, who, he suddenly remembers, has a farm somewhere near. Scotty cheerfully invites the entire party to the farm and installs them all in the large farm-house, which has plenty of rooms but very little of anything else.

Next morning Mrs. Belchamber reports that Josette is really ill, but Scotty is very dismayed when Christopher says he must send for a doctor. NOW READ ON:

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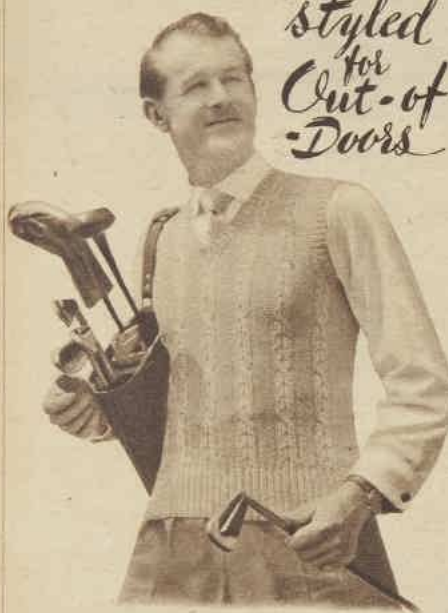
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The Spell

Continued from page 3

AFTER seeing the doctor to his car, Christopher walked back into the house, where he found Mrs. Belchamber waiting for him. "You've been very kind," he said coldly, "but there's no need for you to stay on and make yourself uncomfortable. Your friends will be anxious about you."

"Let them," said Mrs. Belchamber. "I'm going to stay here and see that that poor child is properly looked after. I don't care very much for children—or animals—but I like to see them in good hands. And I don't consider yours good hands." She gave him a withering look.

"You're proposing to put this child into a nursing home, and—presumably—take the two boys to London, where they'll both develop measles in a stuffy flat, while you go out and look for more nursing homes for them. It won't do, let me tell you. The sensible course is to let them get it all over here."

"I see," said Christopher. "And the cooking? And the cleaning? And the nursing?"

"I shall do the cooking," she told him. "From the look of this place, I wouldn't dream of allowing that visiting woman to touch my food, or the children's. I shall see her when she arrives this morning, and I shall make her understand that she has got to clean the place and keep it clean. You will have to do the shopping. There are several things I shall want."

"Look here," said Christopher, "Before he could say more there was an interruption. The door of the kitchen was thrown open and the figure of a woman appeared on the threshold. "Garcia's name," she said, entering.

The two women faced each other. Mrs. Belchamber, saw what she had expected: a strong, muscular figure, garments that could not, by any stretch of imagination, be called fresh and clean; a bold, defiant expression. Mrs. Garcia saw a lady of the type she recognised as genuine; the type, moreover, that she loved to subdue.

The silence lengthened, and tension grew. Mrs. Belchamber straightened her shoulders and looked at Christopher. "You may go," she said firmly, "and leave us alone."

Christopher went. . . . Mrs. Garcia, on a visit to relations in London's dockland, had met and married the dashing Garcia, to whose other charms was added the name Jose. Jose was employed as handy man at Grenton's largest hotel; and at the farm, with the uncritical Scotty, Mrs. Garcia had found an admirable billet.

She was able to get in a good many restful hours while Scotty was working out of sight. She put her feet up comfortably on the stove, and applied herself to thinking out methods by which she could lure her husband to a post which offered him less scope to exercise his charm.

had earned for her a deep respect among her own circle. Nobody ever knew what effect the flowery phrasing had upon Mrs. Belchamber during that first interview. Scotty, informed by Christopher that it was being held, waited for Mrs. Garcia to sweep by him, pausing only to inform him that she was leaving forever.

No Mrs. Garcia appeared, however; when next seen she was sweeping the stairs—a task she had not performed since her first day at the farm.

She was then seen scrubbing the kitchen and informing all who passed that she considered it her Christian duty to put aside her feelings and work herself to the bone for the poor little mite lying on a bed of sickness upstairs.

Scotty accepted this explanation without comment, as he did the news that his house was to be used throughout the nursing of one or more cases of measles. All that was required, in his opinion, was space, and there was plenty.

"You can spread, you know, Chris. If you look round, you'll find four bedrooms on that floor and two on the next level and then two attics—roomy ones, with a lot of light. Make good studios."

"Who," inquired Christopher irritably, "wants studios? I'm not running down your hospitality, Scotty, but where in Christmas is all your stuff?"

"Stuff. Furniture, cutlery, china, linen, silver. Where's all the stuff your father left you?"

"A lot of the stuff is in crates and boxes in the feed store."

CHRISTOPHER said sharply, "Well, why don't you unpack it? That first place of yours was comparatively luxurious. Then you moved—"

"That's just it," said Scotty. "I kept moving. I got into the way of leaving things packed up, and just using essentials."

"You haven't got the essentials."

"Well, what's essential for one isn't necessarily essential for others. If you're in need of anything special, just say the word and I'll pop along into town and ship it back for you."

"We'll be all right," said Christopher. "At least, the Belchamber says we'll manage. How can I get rid of her, Scotty?"

"Rid of her? If she's going to nurse the little 'un through measles, what do you want to get rid of her for? I like that continental cooking she did this morning. After four years of Mrs. Garcia—"

"Well, that's what I was coming to. The Belchamber proposes to do the cooking and the nursing, too, and if she attempts it she'll be the next on the list of patients. We need a nurse, Scotty. Isn't there a strong girl who'd come in for a few hours a day and sit with Josette?"

Scotty pursed his lips. "Can't think of any offhand. If only Cress had been home—"

"Cress?"

"Cressida." Scotty's voice was lowered to a reverent tone. "She only comes at the beginning of every month and . . ."

let me see—this is still June, isn't it?"

"End of. Who's Cressida?"

Scotty's eyes had taken on a faraway, dreamy look.

"You can't explain Cressida, Chris, old son," he said slowly. "There are some things you can't put into words."

"If she has that effect on you, why don't you ask her to marry you?"

"I did ask," said Scotty simply. "It was no use."

"Oh! Well—is she a nurse?"

"She took a nurse's training once—when she was younger," Scotty said. "But she broke down."

"A broken-down nurse. Well, I think we can do without that one," decided Christopher.

"You don't understand, Chris," said Scotty urgently. "If you could get hold of Cressida, every single thing would be all right—and even if it wasn't you wouldn't notice. Go on up to the house," he urged. "Walk up to Greensleeves and—"

"To—"

"Greensleeves. The name of the house. Look"—Scotty drew Christopher a few paces and pointed—"among those trees. This farm belonged to the house. I bought it four years ago, from Cress' father. Walk up there and say I sent you, and tell Cress, if she's there, that we've got measles and need a hand."

"All right, I'll go."

"You can go across those fields. Mind how you go through that far orchard—there's a bull in there, and he uses a pretty rust."

"I see. Is that why Robert and Paul are picking cherries close by him?"

"That bull's got a good head behind those nasty horns," explained Scotty. "He doesn't waste his vitality chasing speedy little boys—he saves it up until he can pick on something your age, a bit gone in the wind. You don't look as hard as you used to, old son."

"Thanks. See you later," said Christopher.

He went through the far orchard, and presently came to the brow of the hill where he found himself walking beside a high wall. The wall continued for some distance, and then he saw a small wooden door.

The door was unlocked. Christopher closed it behind him and, following an ill-marked path, came out on a drive, which presently widened and wound through open parkland. He looked at the beeches with respect; they were magnificent specimens, and of great age.

The drive turned somewhat sharply. Christopher, absorbed in the view of the countryside, was totally unprepared for the sight of the house.

It was a perfect example of a fourteenth century manor house, and he gazed entranced at the buttlements, the stone-mullioned windows with their delicate Gothic tracery; his eyes went to the massive towers with their battressed walls.

Slowly he made his way round to the forecourt, paused and looked doubtfully from the open windows to the massive closed door. The heavy door swung slowly open. In the doorway, framed against the shadows hall, stood a girl.

LONG afterwards Christopher was to remember that he had always given the girl of his dreams a small, fragile figure. She was to have had a delicate skin, a wistful expression and an unusual shade of violet eyes, with long black lashes.

The girl in the doorway was slim, but she was tall; her eyes were long and black, but the eyes below them were brown and their expression was one of coolness and detachment, which changed, as Christopher stood staring at her, to a question.

Christopher knew that he should state his business, and made an effort to remember what it was.

He was filled with an unalloyed happiness. What a day, he rejoiced, what a lovely, happy day and a lovely house, and what a—

"Are you Cressida?" he asked her suddenly.

"Yes," said Cressida. "Do you want anything?"

"Yes," said Christopher. "I came to—"

He paused. "I can't for the life of me remember."

"But I told you!" said Scotty. "You didn't," said Christopher.

"I said you couldn't put her into words," said Scotty. "Can you put her into words?"

"Certainly I can," said Christopher. "She's slim and beautiful. Scotty, I tell you, she knocked me right off my feet."

Scotty appeared unmoved. "What did she say?" he inquired, after a time.

"She says she'll come. I'm going to walk up and fetch her after lunch. Incidentally, she's been living within a stone's throw of me in London. I didn't like to ask her what her job was. Scotty, what does she work at?"

"She's a model. One of those photographic models you see in all the magazines."

"What's her other name?"

"Surname? Gray. Spelled with an 'a'. Her father's Major Gray—used to belong to one of the crack regiments, and sent in his papers when he inherited this house. I met him up north when that cattle plague I was running packed up. He said he'd just come into a manor house and offered me the house farm. So I bought it."

"Without seeing it?"

"When I said the money down," said Scotty slowly, "I didn't even know for sure that there was a home farm. The major has a way—"

He stopped. Two small figures had made their way into the feed store and were waiting politely for him to finish his sentence. The sailor caps were still firmly on their heads, not fresh and neat now, but soiled with mud. Their shoes were unrecognisable. Their clothes were torn and flour-sprinkled.

Robert's teeth gleamed in his enchanting smile. "We've been up there." He pointed towards the granary.

"So I see," said Christopher gravely. "And what brought you down?"

"The bell," explained Paul. "Madame has rung the bell for dejeuner."

"She has rung it twice," said Robert. "We are to go inside, I think."

"I'm sure we are," said Scotty. "All of us."

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IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY



By GUS

Cats don't stumble

By JOHN MARSH

ILLUSTRATED BY LASKIE



It almost seemed that the hotel cat had committed suicide! Dr. Bedford halted in comical astonishment and stared up at the plump little corpse suspended from the steel spike on top of the boundary wall by the gaily colored ribbon around its neck. It had plainly slipped while walking along the wall and the loop of its bow falling over one of the spikes, been hanged before it could recover its foothold.

"Poor Tibby!" the doctor thought, then, remembering that the summons to the hotel had been urgent, he made a mental note to inform Roberts, the hotel manager, of the decease of his pet, and hurried on.

He was taken up immediately to Anne Thornton's sitting-room. Nancy Thornton, the old man's niece, opened the door. Her tired, patient eyes lit with relief as she saw Dr. Bedford. He nodded kindly and went past her to the obese, crumpled figure on the sofa.

"Heart failed! Might have happened any time," he said a moment later as he came out to join Nancy in the hallway. "Had he over-exerted himself in any way?"

Miss Thornton shook her head. "No. He'd just had his lunch. I'd had mine downstairs in the dining-room, and, as I always did on Small's day out, I brought Uncle's up on a tray afterwards. He ate it in here, sat and read the paper for an hour or so, got up to find his stick and hat—he always went for a walk in the afternoon, you know, Doctor—and just fell in a heap on the floor. I called Mr. Roberts and he telephoned you."

The doctor nodded. "Quite what I expected. He might have gone off anywhere at any time with his heart in that condition. Well, well! I'll send the necessary people round, Miss Thornton, so don't worry. And I'm sure Mr. Roberts will see that you have other accommodation until after the funeral."

Nancy Thornton looked at him—not a little anxiously, he thought.

"Will—will there have to be an inquest on my uncle's death?" she asked the doctor falteringly.

He smiled, shaking his head kindly. "No, no, Miss Thornton! There'll be no unpleasantness of that nature. I'll give a certificate before the funeral. Good-day! Good-day!"

Downstairs, he said to Roberts: "Fifty that man of old Thornton's had to be having the day off when this happened. These things always occur at the most inconvenient times."

Roberts nodded. "Yes, Miss Thornton looked really upset when she called me. I thought she'd seen a ghost for the moment!"

In the hall, Bedford, refusing a drink, suddenly remembered the hotel cat.

"By the way, Roberts, I have another shock for you!" he said. "Tibby's dead!"

"Tibby? You mean the cat?"

Bedford explained briefly and the

manager accompanied him across the hotel grounds to the boundary wall. There Roberts reverently lifted the pitiful little corpse down.

"Mrs. Roberts only put that ribbon on her this morning!" he said. "Remembered it was her birthday. My, but she will be upset!"

"A funny thing a sure-footed animal like a cat falling off a moderately wide wall like this," the doctor mused. "It probably collapsed and the loop must have caught over the spike as she fell."

Roberts, however, did not appear to have heard him. He was idly stroking the cat's fur.

"Poor Tibby! You'll never annoy old Colonel Benton again, will you, old girl?"

"How's that?" Bedford asked, for cantankerous Benton was one of his patients.

"Used to go round after breakfast and lick the plates on his tray, which he always put outside his door at precisely nine o'clock every morning."

The doctor looked at the cat with sudden interest.

"Did she, indeed?" he murmured.

"Yes, and now she'll never do it again. Just a little hole under the kitchen garden wall. I think I'll bury her before I tell the wife. I don't want her to see the poor old cat as she is now."

As Bedford walked home down the pleasant sunny lane, he pursued a line of thought yet in action by Roberts' words. Used to go round the hotel licking up plates on trays, eh?

Yet why should there be anything sinister about this? Old Thornton had been expected to die of heart failure for nearly a year, ever since he came as a resident to the Crown Hotel. Yet—that cat! He couldn't get away from the thought that sure-footed animals like cats don't fall off walls. It simply wasn't done.

Supposing the cat had licked something up from a plate—Thornton's plate!—and, on the wall, it collapsed. She would still have died of strangulation.

By midnight he was nearly ill with thinking about cats and murders. At last, knowing that bed was out of the question in his present state of mind, he put on his hat and coat and stepped out into the peaceful night.

A few moments later he was searching for Tibby's grave in the hotel garden. It was not hard to find, for someone, in an excess of sentimental grief, had erected a small wooden cross over it.

The grave was shallow, and soon he had the corpse by the tail and thrust into the bag he had brought with him.

In his surgery he conducted a post-mortem. His eyes widened behind the silver rims of his pince-nez as, in the miniature stomach, he came upon slight evidences of drug or poison.

Ten minutes later he was ringing

a startled police-sergeant up at nearby Ringby. Three-quarters of an hour afterwards the majesty of the law was making all arrangements for a post-mortem examination of the body of Amos Thornton, deceased.

After the inquest, at which a verdict of suicide was ruled out by the coroner in his remarks to the jury, the police arrested Nancy Thornton, who, apart from being heiress to the old man's not inconsiderable fortune, had taken her uncle's meal up to him on the occasion of his servant's absence in London.

No one else had handled the food except the cook and the waiter, and the police were convinced that they were beyond suspicion. No! Everyone agreed that Nancy Thornton, who had never expected that anyone would question her uncle's death, had been cheated by fate—and the hotel cat.

ALL day after Nancy Thornton's arrest, Dr. Bedford went over in his mind all he knew of Amos Thornton. The old man had liked nothing better than a bit of gossip and had often recounted to his medical attendant how his unscrupulous tactics had made him a fortune. He was fond, too, of relating how he had once been a tin miner in Cornwall and had risen from that lowly station to one of great wealth and position.

He had liked to bring his invaluable manservant, James Small, into the conversation by telling how they had worked together in the tin mine and how he had adopted Small as servant, secretary, and friend. James Small, he would often say in a tone which Bedford could not define as either sarcastic or proud, but was sure was one or the other, could have been rich and successful, too, had he not preferred to serve the man who had lifted him from obscurity

"Will—will there have to be an inquest on my uncle's death?" Nancy asked the doctor falteringly.

and the hard labor of the Cornish mines to comparative affluence.

Often it would seem to the practitioner that he was tormenting his servant with this knowledge; but the expressionless face of James Small never gave anything away.

Dr. Bedford began to think a great deal about James Small, though it was obvious that he could not have murdered his master, being in London on the day of the crime, his alibi—of which there were several and all of good repute—having been proved to the hilt by the careful police. Besides, such a dose of digitalin as the old man had taken would cause his heart to fail within half an hour of his taking it.

"Yet," thought the little man, "there always seemed to be a strange hostility between those two, as if old Thornton had some hold over his servant which bound Small to him."

The next day—the day on which Nancy Thornton appeared before the local magistrates and was committed for trial at the Assizes—Dr. Bedford visited London. Going carefully through the West Country newspapers of forty years ago, he found an item of very great interest which sent him hot-foot to Victoria, glowing with pleasurable conviction.

He went to the police station at Ringby, where Nancy Thornton was being held until the morrow, when she would be taken over to the prison at the county town to await her trial.

The sergeant nodded when he entered and, before he could speak, apprised him of a new feature of the case which had that day come to the notice of the police.

"Found where the murderer got that drug, sir!" he said, his fat red face shaking with excitement.

"Doesn't take the police long to get on the track, eh? A doctor in Felixstowe lost some of the stuff—what d'ye call it?—digit-something-or-other?"

"Digitalin!" helped Bedford. "Doctors give it in small doses to relieve the heart. An overdose is fatal, for it stops the heart."

"Well, this stuff was registered as lost five years ago. It seems that the doctor remembers attending old Mr. Thornton when he was in Felixstowe on holiday. The drug was missed from his surgery. He made inquiries, but nobody knew anything about it. He told the police, they registered the loss—and now it's going to help hang a murderer!"

"Does Miss Thornton admit knowing anything about this missing digitalin?"

"Yes, she admits remembering about it. She says the doctor came to their hotel to see if he could possibly have left it in old Mr. Thornton's room. You see, he was prescribing him this digitalin stuff for his heart and he may have put the drug down and forgotten it. Not that that was very likely, but he thought he'd make sure."

Bedford requested to see Miss Thornton, and no obstacle was put in his way. She was sitting on the edge of a swing bed in her cell. When she looked up, the doctor almost exclaimed aloud at her haggard appearance. Her eyes were sunken; her cheeks and lips were colorless.

"Hullo, Doctor! It's good of you to come and see me!" she said in her rich, low voice, smiling faintly.

"I want to help you, Miss Thornton," he said.

Her smile this time had a hint of cynical amusement about it.

Please turn to page 55

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The Guarantee

A short, short story
By SEYMOUR SHUBIN

ILLUSTRATED BY DAVIES



THE girl who opened the door appeared to be no more than sixteen or twenty, was pretty in a delicate, unadorned way. She seemed angry now, however, or annoyed. Sam could see this in her eyes, in the deep flush on her cheeks. He had two daughters of his own, both of them older than this girl here, and there was no hiding these things from him.

Sam, legs straddling his toolbox on the doorstep, said, "You Mrs. Drew?"

"I'm Mrs. Drew," the girl answered tightly.

"I'm from the furniture store," Sam said. "I'm the finisher. You're the one who called this morning, aren't you?"

The girl nodded and opened the door wider. Sam, picking up his box, said, "You're pretty lucky. I was able to get here so fast. Sometimes it takes weeks. But I just happened to be coming round to this neighborhood when you called."

The house was small, yet it was warmly and tastefully furnished. Sam remembered well the bedroom suite the Drews had bought, because it had been delivered only two weeks before and he had gone over it carefully before it had been sent out of the store, polishing it until it had sparkled.

It had been one of the finest suites in the store, a period piece with exquisite carving that belonged in the wealthiest of houses. Now, knowing where it had been delivered, it seemed a little foolish to him why a couple of kids would want to put so much money into a place like this. Probably their last penny had gone into that bedroom suite. But newlyweds were a strange breed. Not advising them about anything.

Sam followed the girl into the bedroom. Her husband was sitting on the edge of the bed, his arms crossed on his legs, a cigarette dangling from his lips. He nodded vaguely at Sam and turned away, drawing in on his cigarette. Mr. Drew looked like a student and not so very much older than his wife.

Mrs. Drew said, "There's the damage," and she pointed at the bureau.

Even from where he stood, on the other side of the bed, Sam could see a deep, jagged cut about two and a half inches long on one of the bureau drawers. He whistled softly and walked closer, putting his box down carefully. He ran his thumb over the cut that zig-zagged like lightning across the rich grain of the mahogany drawer. To him it was a sickening thing, like a beautiful woman scarred.

"How on earth did it happen?" he asked, straightening up.

Her voice hesitant, the girl said, "I was carrying a tray and I fell against the bureau. The edge of the tray hit it and gashed it."

Sam looked at her for a moment, frowning. She swallowed nervously.

"It happened so quickly," she apologized.

Sam dug a broken fingernail into the cut, as if to chip away the rough edges. The girl wasn't telling him the truth; that he knew. The edge of a tray could never have made a cut such as this, so deep and jagged and long. He'd seen too much of this sort of thing not to be able to tell. The drawer had been mutilated deliberately, probably in the white, senseless heat of anger. And probably by a house-key, wielded by infuriated fingers.

Sam said, "Come here." And he motioned at the girl. "You, too," he said to the husband, who rose slowly from the bed as if it took great effort.

The furniture finisher pulled out the drawer and balanced it lengthwise on the bed.

"I want to show you something," he said. "See this?" His finger indicated the rich, flowing swirls in the mahogany that made up its design, whirlpools of deeper color in the highly polished, brown-red wood, and where the cut slashed through mercilessly. "I could never fix it up right," he went on, shaking his head. "Never in a million years. Oh, I could probably patch it up, but you'd always be able to see the mark. See, this design was made by nature itself. It's in the wood. Once the design is ruined it's almost impossible to get it just right again. You'll always see the scar."

The husband snickered. Or so Sam thought. But when the finisher turned round, the young man was looking away, smoking quietly, his face impassive.

Sam said, "What I'd advise you to do is let me order a new drawer for you from the factory. That'd be best. It's no use trying to fix something that you know won't work out. It's not worth the trouble."

"No," the girl said softly. "I guess it isn't."

Her husband, pressing out his cigarette, said, "Mister, how much do you think we could get for this suite?"

Frowning, Sam asked, "You mean you want to sell it?"

The young man nodded. "Yes, we're selling it. We're selling everything."

Sam felt his heart take a quick, hot lurch. He shrugged helplessly. "I don't know. You'll take a loss, I know that. Even though it's only a couple of weeks old, it's still second-hand."

"We'll take almost anything," the

girl said. Her voice was cold, brittle. "We've got to sell. And we want to do it quickly. To-morrow, if we could."

Sam ran a hand over the grey stubble on his chin. There was an emptiness within him, and he wondered why that should be. This young couple were strangers to him, and their business was none of his, yet he hated to see anything of beauty destroyed, no matter what it was. His entire life was devoted to restoring broken and marred things, to making the smashed and the ugly clean again and fresh and new. It seemed so senseless, this.

After a moment, he said, "That lets out ordering a new drawer for you then. It probably wouldn't come in from the factory for two or three weeks. And you couldn't wait . . . could you?" he added quietly.

The girl shook her head quickly.

He shrugged. "Okay," he sighed, "we'll see what we can do. We'll fix it up the best we can."

He bent down and opened his toolbox, taking out a piece of fine sandpaper. Gently he sanded the cut on the drawer, cleaning it like a human wound. Then he put the drawer aside and removed from his box a small kerosene burner and lighted the wick. Over the blue-yellow flame he held a knife, turning it slowly until the tip of the blade gradually reddened.

AS he held the knife over the flame, Sam with his other hand took several bars of mahogany finishing wax from the toolbox, each a different shade, and compared them with the finish on the drawer. Taking the bar that was the closest match, he dug the hot blade into it and the wax bubbled and curled on to the red steel.

Holding the drawer between his legs, he let the melted wax ooze from the blade to the cut until it filled it. He had to reheat the knife several times as he smoothed the wax with expert strokes until it was perfectly even with the surface. This done, he opened a compartment of powdered tints. What he had to do now was try to match and paint in the gouged-out swirls of the design.

He worked more than an hour, painting, washing out, repainting, sanding, and oiling; and when he was finished, sweaty and tired, he took the drawer to a window to survey what he'd done under natural light. Wordlessly, he examined it from every angle. Then he slid the drawer back into the bureau and turned to the young couple who had been watching him in silent fascination all this time.

The girl was the first to speak. In a tremulous voice she said, "It's perfect. It's just like new."

Sam nodded; and when he spoke it was almost as if he were talking to himself. "It just shows you. It shows you what can be done if you try." He took an oil rag from his box and bent down and polished the drawer until it glistened.

On one knee, still rubbing the drawer, he said, "It's funny how what seems impossible to you actually isn't so impossible once you put your heart and mind to it. The things that seem so serious to you sometimes become pretty petty after a while."

He reared back, giving the drawer a final inspection. "Most things can be worked out." He dabbed the drawer with the cloth once more. "I'm an old dog, but that's something new I learned to-day."

He stood up, still looking at his work. "You know, I'm really glad we didn't order a new drawer. For all you know, the pattern probably would have been different from the rest of the bureau. In a small way it probably would have been different. But this one we know belongs."

He was packing up now, putting his material back into the box.

"What I like," he said, "is that the original design is still there, like it was meant to be. Sure, you and I know where it was fixed, but no one else ever will. In fact, that little trouble you had with it might make you appreciate it more. You know what can happen and you'll be more careful. It's like anything else. And then, too, if something like this ever does happen again, you'll know it can be fixed. You'll know it'll work out. And that's important." And he nodded vigorously.

He was standing up again, holding the box.

"How on earth did it happen?" Sam asked the young couple. But their explanation of the scarred drawer was unconvincing.

The girl asked softly, "Is — is there any charge?"

He shook his head. "Forget it. You see, we like to keep our customers satisfied. For life, if we can. You'd be surprised how often the children of a young couple like yourselves come back to us years later and buy from us. That's a fact."

They stepped aside as he walked out of the bedroom. They didn't say anything to him, even as he left the house. Now he was walking down the path slowly, his mind in a turmoil. He didn't know if what he'd done, the thing for which he had used whatever strength and talent that was in him, had accomplished its purpose; and not knowing made him unhappy. He'd even lied for that purpose, telling them they couldn't get a new drawer before three weeks. Why, if a rush order had been sent out, they could have got one in three days at the most.

Suddenly as he walked he remembered that he'd forgotten to have one of them sign the slip which he would need for the office. He turned back and rang the bell. The girl answered, and over her shoulder Sam could see her husband.

"Would you sign this slip for me?" Sam asked. "It's just to show the office that the work was done and that it's all right by you."

The girl took the slip and pencil Sam handed her. After a moment she returned them to him. Across the bottom of the slip she had written:

"Your man did a perfect job — one which my husband and I will never forget. Mrs. Albert Drew."

(Copyright)

Shining Example

By DOROTHY EDEN

ILLUSTRATED BY MILLS

OPENING her eyes, Dinah saw his face above her, the brooding deep eyes, the long nose, the flurried hair over the domed forehead. His head itself was outlined in a shining golden glory. Dazedly she thought of the angel Gabriel and the fields of heaven. She began to smile with pleasure. It was nice of the angel Gabriel to be such a human-looking young man. It made her feel completely at home at once.

"And what is there to laugh about?" came his voice, severely.

The first suspicions as to his divinity crept into Dinah's mind. She struggled to her elbow and glanced towards her car. The palm of her hand encountered a very earthly thistle. She gave an "Ouch!" of pain and sank back on to the grass.

The shining light behind the young man's head was only the sunset, and he was a completely human person, although rather angry.

"Did you do that to my car?" she asked indignantly.

"That," he replied, "is a leading question which will no doubt be settled in court."

"In court!" Dinah exclaimed. "Oh, no! I couldn't. I've done everything else, but I've never been in prison yet."

"If it were to be proved that the accident was my fault," he pointed out judiciously, "there would be no question of your going to prison. On the other hand, I think the tyre marks will prove that you were three parts on the wrong side of the road and that definitely you were taking that corner at fifty miles an hour. Actually, you're lucky to be alive. So am I."

Dinah took another look at the wrecked car. She thought of a certain unpaid insurance bill at this moment in her bag. She wasn't so sure about her luck. It would probably have been easier and much more diplomatic to be really facing the angel Gabriel. Even if he looked as stern as this earthly version of him looked.

Then the young man bending over her smiled. And Dinah began to take a faint but distinct interest in life again.

"Cheer up," he said. "I think you're going to have nothing worse than a black eye. My car still goes, so come along and we'll drive to the nearest village and send someone out to collect your car."

Dazedly, Dinah let herself be helped to her feet and into his car. She was very dizzy. She wasn't sure that she wasn't in the middle of a rather unpleasant dream. She hoped she was.

Then suddenly his last words made sense. She cried in alarm, "I can't have a black eye! That would be the last straw. I can't, Gabriel, or whoever you are." She was gripping his arm. "Not with Aunt Flora and Marjorie."

"Unless Aunt Flora and Marjorie are magicians," he answered, "I'm afraid nothing can be done about it."

"But it's Marjorie's party, her particularly special party," she wailed. "I'm coming down just for it. Do you know," she said dramatically, "all my life Marjorie has been held up to me as a shining example of all the things I should be and am not, and now, when everyone in the family is expected to make a good impression on this young man, what does Cousin Dinah do—she arrives with a black eye!"

Gabriel's profile remained completely solemn. He had a nose a little like a Roman emperor's. Or was it one of those old Egyptians? Or Napoleon's? Anyway, it was definitely his most outstanding feature. It was almost a little alarming—had she been in a state to be alarmed.

As it was, everything was tantalisingly vague, and predominant were the thoughts of her black eye, Marjorie, exquisite in white tulle, and Aunt Flora making clucking exclamations of horror.

"What you need," the young man beside her observed, "is a drink. I think we're coming in to a village. Can you while away half an hour in a pub while I hunt up a garage and the village constable?"

"Not the constable!" Dinah begged.

His eyebrows described a beautiful curve.

"Guilty conscience?" he asked.

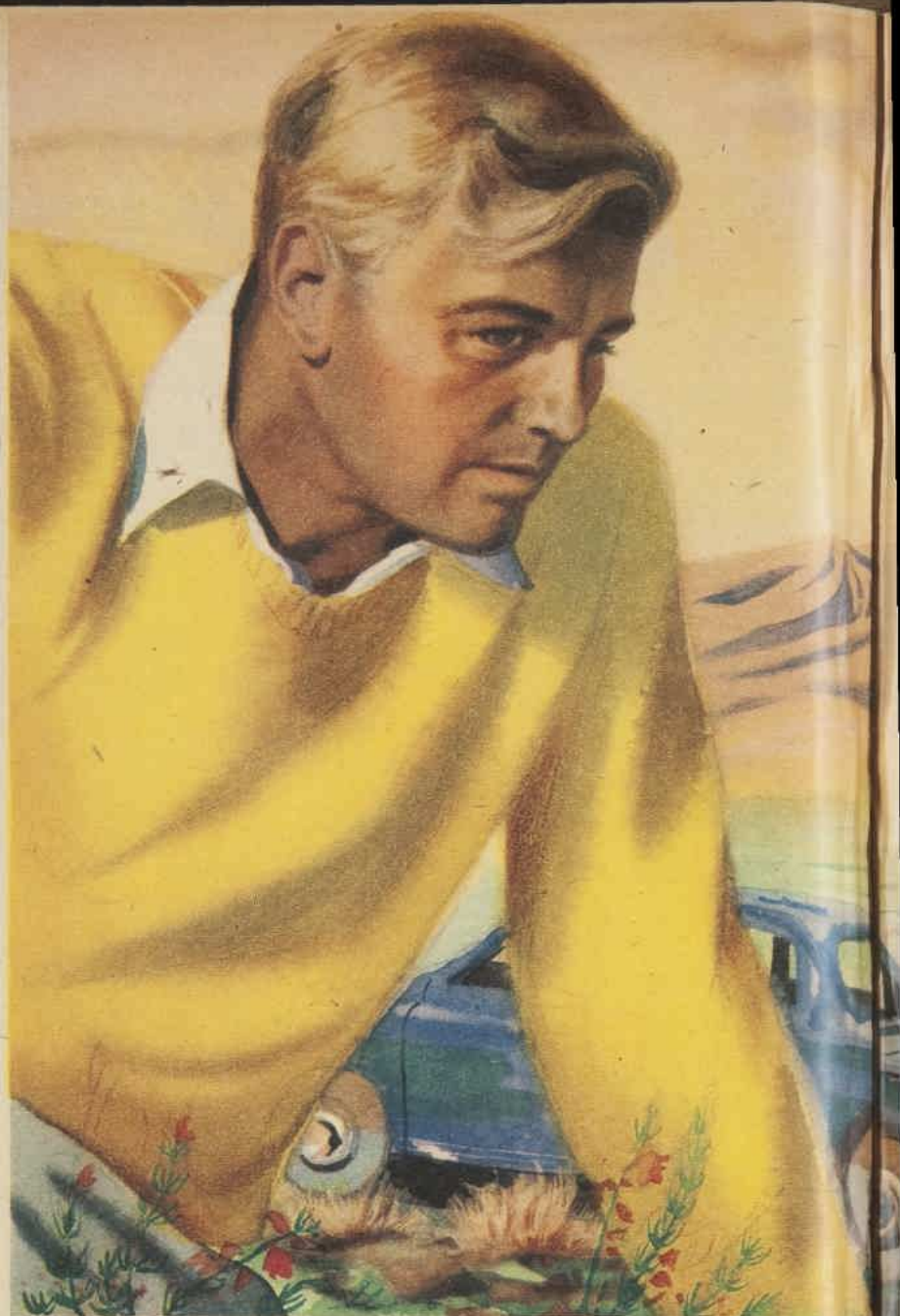
"Of course I have. I think I was born with one."

"Cousin Marjorie again?"

"Everything," said Dinah bitterly. "Everything goes wrong for me."

Over her first brandy, which, contrary to clearing her head, made it fuzzier (she remembered she had skipped lunch to-day), she told him she had inadvertently let the insurance on her car lapse, and if the repair bill was high her father would toss her out for the last time. He periodically washed his hands of her and handed her over to Aunt Flora, who was blessed with a daughter who never, never put a foot wrong.

Dinah was the unlucky one. It was she whom stray dogs followed into church. Hers was the strapless dress that came unhitched. The lock of the bellry door never jammed for



other people, but it did for her and Jeff Coates, and they had had to spend the night there, and, of course, no one believed them about the lock.

Nor did anyone believe that the photograph taken of her being carried shoulder high by a very muddy football team had been purely accidental. She had merely rushed out to congratulate the full-back, who was from their own town, and suddenly the team had grabbed her and carried her for a mascot, and the picture of the only daughter of Colonel Robert Willoughby had been blazoned all over England, and Aunt Flora had nearly taken a fit.

"They say I disgrace the family," she said forlornly. "They hold Marjorie up to me as a shining example. Awful things never happen to her. And now she's got this man coming down for her party. She met him at some house-party in Gloucestershire, and he's awfully impressive, a foreign correspondent or something, quite apart from his family being this and that. Trust little Marjorie! So you've no idea of the flap everyone is in, the ancestral silver is being polished and the family jewels are being disinterred. And here I am,"

"If it's proved the accident was my fault," the young man said, "then you would have nothing to worry about. On the other hand, you were taking the corner at fifty miles an hour."

she raised her eyes, one a clear and deep summer blue, the other swollen and discolored, "the black sheep, blacker than ever."

"Have another drink," said Gabriel sympathetically.

Dinah looked at her empty glass. She looked at the long-nosed young man in the rather shabby yellow sweater and flannel bags. She recognised a conspiratorial glint in his eye. She began to chuckle.

"Have you ever drunk with a black sheep before, Gabriel?"

"Often. They're my favorite color."

"Oh, darling!" she said drowsily, the room swimming gently around her. "If I had to run into someone, I'm glad it was you."

An hour later, when Gabriel had wisely insisted on food and coffee, the man from the garage reported that they had towed Dinah's car in and it would be repaired by next Wednesday.

He began to go into a technical description of carburetors and big ends, but Dinah broke into it with a cry, "What's the use of next Wednesday? I have to be home to-night!" A vision of her father's choleric face rose before her. "And not without a car," she finished.

Gabriel patted her shoulder. "You'll be home to-night. I'll take you myself. I'll fix it with your father and I'll even put a bit of beefsteak on that eye. Come along."

Come along. Dinah had never before known herself to meekly follow a man at those words. There was something about Gabriel that was strangely compelling, almost as if he weren't quite earthly. But her head, with the bump it had had, followed by the effect of brandy on an empty stomach, was far from clear. She was very content to sit in the car and rest her head on Gabriel's shoulder, only rousing herself to give him directions as to where she lived when they came into Colville.

Marjorie's life was a perfect pattern, but Dinah didn't care to copy it

The ensuing interview was no easier than Dinah had expected it to be.

Father had gone to bed, the house-keeper told them. Dinah said, "Well, don't wake him. Leave it till the morning."

But Gabriel said, "I won't be here in the morning," and politely but emphatically insisted on Mrs. Briggs going up and waking the Colonel.

"He won't be pleased," she said over her departing shoulder.

"That," said Dinah, "is an understatement."

"Leave him to me," said Gabriel.

In a few moments the Colonel was coming down in his dressing-gown. "Is it burglars?" he roared after Mrs. Briggs.

"No, sir, it's your daughter."

"What's she up to at this hour of night? Do you know it's after one o'clock? If she's in trouble again, I can't stand it. I can't stand it, Mrs. Briggs. Why can't she be like Marjorie? Marjorie's never in trouble. Sweetest little thing that ever lived."

Mrs. Briggs had diplomatically vanished. Dinah stepped into view.

"Daddy, I—"

She didn't get any further, for the Colonel caught sight of her eye. He clapped his plump hands to his plump, red face.

"Oh, no, you've been fighting!"

Gabriel was suddenly standing in front of her.

"She hasn't been fighting, sir. Actually it was my fault. We were travel-

ling opposite ways and my car — but allow me to introduce myself. I'm —"

Neither did he get any further. The Colonel gave a long bellow of rage.

"Dinah, you haven't smashed the car! Not the one I've just given you! Not the present that was to mark the end of all your escapades!"

Dinah hung her head. "I'm sorry, Daddy, I—"

"Look, sir, I was just explaining how I cut that corner—"

"Quiet!" the Colonel thundered.

"Who the devil do you think you are, butting into my family affairs? If you're one of my daughter's disreputable friends, you can leave the house this instant."

"Daddy, Gabriel isn't disreputable. He—"

"And as for you, young lady, this is the end. I'm finished. I'm exhausted mentally, physically, and financially. Get rid of that disreputable friend of yours and I'll deal with you in the morning." He turned with finality and began to climb the stairs.

Poor Daddy, Dinah thought. He did look old and tired and unhappy. If only he would give one a chance to explain...

"And put some beefsteak on that eye!" the Colonel roared. He rounded the turn of the stairs out of sight.

Gabriel gazed after him in open-mouthed surprise. Then he began to chuckle softly.

Dinah turned on him furiously.

"Don't you dare to laugh at my father!"

"But he's marvellous! He's incomparable! I could love him."

"How?" said Dinah flatly. "When even he likes Marjorie better than me. If it came to that, I expect you would, too."

"Inconceivable," Gabriel murmured, and kissed her.

She tried to draw away from him. Then all her anger began to drain out of her. The bright yellow light seemed to be round his head again.

"But it won't come to that," she murmured dreamily.

"To what?"

"To your meeting Marjorie."

Contrary to Dinah's hopes, the Colonel had not calmed down by morning.

He had telephoned the garage where the car had been left and been apprised of the heavy repair bill, and had also elicited the unfortunate fact that the insurance was unrenewed. He said sadly, "I give you up, Dinah. I give you up. Your aunt will have to take over."

"How?" Dinah asked warily. "I'm grown up."

"But you're not of age yet. We still have some control. Though whether that's a matter for congratulation or commiseration I wouldn't know. But," he suddenly shouted, thumping his fist on the table, his light-colored eyebrows rising into his hair, "we won't have you continuing to disgrace the family. Understand

that? There's to be no more upsetting cars in ditches and joy-riding with brigands all over the countryside!"

Dinah stiffened. "Gabriel isn't a brigand."

"Then who is he? Tell me that."

But that question Dinah couldn't answer. In the general upset of the previous night, her shock and dizziness and apprehension, she had never got round to discovering who or what Gabriel was, where he was going, or whether she would ever see him again. He had behaved like a gentleman, he had brought her home, he had attempted to take the blame for the accident. What more could be expected of him?

THEN suddenly she began to smile with secret delight. She knew she would see him again. He would never have kissed her like that only to disappear.

Aunt Flora, although father had explained the situation to her on the telephone, yelped with dismay when she saw Dinah.

"My dear child! That ghastly eye! What are we going to do with you?"

Dinah put her hand to her eye defensively. Actually, it was a lot better this morning. The black had gone out of it and it merely looked yellow and jaundiced (the way Aunt Flora and Marjorie often made her feel).

"Oh, dear, oh, dear!" Aunt Flora

went on. "And you knew the party was to-night. You might have taken care. Now Marjorie went to bed early and slept all night and she's as fresh as a daisy this morning."

At that moment Marjorie came in, looking indeed as fresh as a field of daisies, her pink-and-white skin unblemished, her wide blue eyes shining, her little mouth set in the smuggest of lines.

"Di, what is this horrid story Uncle Charles has been telling us?" she demanded. Then she exclaimed, "Oh, my! Your eye!"

"It's not as bad as all that," Dinah snapped.

"She must lie down with cold compresses all day," Aunt Flora pronounced. "If it's not better by this evening, she'll just have to have flu or something."

"Oh, no, she can't. She has to meet William," Marjorie insisted. "I've told him about her and he's expecting to meet her."

"What have you told him?" Dinah asked warily.

She knew very well that Marjorie merely wanted to show off her precious William. It was another case of "Look what little Marjorie can do." She had no wish to meet a stiff, superior young man with all those alarming credentials. She would prefer flu.

"Oh, I've told him about all the odd things you do," Marjorie prattled. "He was fascinated."

"Hasn't he got one in his family like me?" Dinah asked. "Not an old aunt or someone whom they keep hidden away?"

"Oh, darling! I didn't mean anything like that."

"That's right, dear," said Aunt Flora. "You look after poor Dinah. Make her rest now, and then to-night a little eye-shadow or something." She began to move away, leaving Dinah safe in little Marjorie's clever, capable hands.

Although Dinah had especially asked Mrs. Briggs to inform Gabriel of her whereabouts if he should telephone, no communication came from him. As the day went by, the delicious excitement with which she had awoken began to evaporate. She began to be filled with unhappy doubts. Who was Gabriel, anyway? The brigand type that father had labelled him? Or the type who behaved decently to a girl in a fix and then kissed her good-bye?

As she came dreading to her full senses, she realised that her head had swum like any schoolgirl's over her first kiss, and to attach any significance to what had been no more than an affectionate farewell was just simply being too naive for words.

Marjorie would never be guilty of such simplicity. Marjorie snared a man's attention and promptly tied him down to compromising actions such as coming to family parties. She would do well, for once, to take Marjorie's example, even if it was too depressingly correct.

By evening she was deep in gloom. Seeing Marjorie, already dressed in white tulle, fluttering about excitedly made her worse. She surveyed the discolored flesh about her eye and said flatly, "It's no use. I can't go to your party."

"Oh, darling, of course you can!" Marjorie, full of assurance, was irritatingly like her mother. "We can soon hide those little marks with a good coat of make-up. They'll never notice. Anyway—" she stopped and gave a very good imitation of Aunt Flora's deliberate, vague smile. Dinah knew very well what she had been going to say, that, anyway, William wasn't coming to see her.

Thank goodness he wasn't. Marjorie's William would be the last straw.

Please turn to page 52

Page 9



Used by
Leah McKeown

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and "STAYS ON LONGER"

An indelible base has always been part of Michel's exclusive formula. For Super-Indelibility apply Michel Lipstick as usual, then with tissue, gently remove excess colour. For Indelibility with lustre apply but do not use tissue, then moisten your lips to give that Michel satin-sheen.

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Editorial

Vol. 19, No. 49

May 7, 1952

NATION NEEDS MORE FOOD

AUSTRALIA'S economic experts have made the rather belated discovery that food is the basis of the budget.

Any woman could have told them that.

When the housewife as consumer goes shopping, she knows that what her family can have in the way of "luxuries" depends on what is left in her purse after she has bought her food.

Australia's ability to raise her standard of living by importing capital goods, raw materials, or finished products from overseas depends on how much food is produced and sold abroad.

Australia's five-year food plan, announced recently by the Federal Minister for Agriculture, Mr. McEwen, concerns every housewife as citizen.

Most thinking women will agree that farmers need increased prices, rather than theoretical targets, to induce them to grow more food.

However, it would be rose-tinted optimism to hope that increased production would eventually lower food prices.

Our growing population, the need to export, and, on past experience, the multiplicity of boards which govern our primary industries will keep prices high.

The only hope of keeping food prices down is by efficient distribution and honest retailing.

We cannot afford to repeat the old story of the farmer increasing production and finding that neither he nor the housewife benefits.

OUR COVER

Mr. Shaughn Lowry photographed our cover scene at Mt. Wilson, N.S.W. Mr. Lowry, who lives at Newport, near Sydney, makes a hobby of color photography. His three chief models are his young daughters, Pamela, 9, Barbara, 7, and Sue Ellen, 5. Both Barbara and Sue Ellen have appeared on our covers.

This week:

● Burl Ives, who comes to Australia this month (see story on page 12), first sang publicly when, as a very small boy, he sang all 15 mournful verses of "Barbara Allen" to an old soldiers' meeting in Illinois. He was paid a dollar, which he promptly spent on hot dogs, pink lemonade, and rides on a merry-go-round. Princess Margaret has a complete set of Burl's records. She first heard them through her friend Sharmen Douglas, whose father was United States Ambassador in London. Sharmen had the records sent from America in a diplomatic bag.

● Hollywood's ten most beautiful women as chosen by Anthony Beauchamp appear on pages 28 and 29. Beauchamp, a London society photographer, is actress Sarah Churchill's second husband. Sarah, Winston Churchill's eldest daughter, was formerly married to Vic Oliver. Beauchamp, who is dark and handsome, accompanied his wife to Hollywood when she went there to make the film "Wedding Bells." They were taken up in a big way by the film colony, were continually in demand for all the smartest parties, so that Mr. Beauchamp had ample opportunity to observe Hollywood beauties before making his choice of ten.

Next week:

● Mother's Day falls on Sunday, May 11. Our next issue has appropriate features, including the latest pictures of Australia's most famous mother, Mrs. Sura, and the Quads. We also have a story from London by Australian radio actress Joy Nichols, telling of the progress of her baby daughter, who was born in March.

BOOK REVIEW

By AINSLIE BAKER

AN EVENING AT THE LARCHES
OUT OF THE WHIRLWIND

AN acquaintance with the more sinister characters of Shakespeare, Edgar Allan Poe, and "Cold Comfort Farm" will heighten the reader's enjoyment of the little book resulting from the partnership of Harry Hearson, J. C. Trewin, and artist Ronald Searle.

Freeing themselves of conventionally inhibiting literary mechanics, in "An Evening at the Larches" the co-authors have produced a maniacal and ghoulish entertainment happily falling into no recognisable literary pattern.

This leaves Sir Jasper Ghastly and his wife Lucrezia a certain amount of freedom in the entertainment they provide at the dinner-party attended by Count Dracula, the Dowager Countess of Endor, Sir John Ghoul, the Duke of Drummond, and their daughter Paranoia.

The cast, including Beetle, the butler, and Parrot, the parlormaid, have the entrancing habit of making their entrances and exits through mirrors, fireplaces, and trapdoors.

Only Count Dracula, noted for his addiction to rare steaks and blood oranges, makes his comings and goings through a window, accompanied by a puff of green smoke.

It is a happy custom at The Larches to summon the servants by discharging a firearm. Thus, when Beetle or Parrot appears, it is natural for them to inquire respectfully, "Did you shoot, madam?"

When the Duke of Drummond not surprisingly fails to survive coffee, Paranoia remarks, "Uncle Drummond has had it." When, almost immediately, her father, Sir Jasper, dies, Paranoia alertly inquires, "Can I apply for the orphan's allowance?"

"There's two lovely card games in my book," she then cries gaily. "One of them's 'Murder' and the other 'Decapitation'."

"DEAR child," fondly sighs the Dowager Countess of Endor.

"An Evening at the Larches" is published by Paul Elek, London. Our copy from Grahame Book Company.

The Australian Women's Weekly

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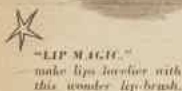
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"Bring me songs" says Burl Ives

Genial, enormous Burl Ives, America's greatest ballad singer, who will arrive in Australia this month, wants people to bring him folk songs or ballads to sing.

An audience of 3000 recently heard him in Britain's Royal Festival Hall, where he began his 18 weeks' world tour. Thousands more fans await his arrival in Australia.

HE will give 26 performances in Australia between May 30 and July 14. His wife, Helen, will go with him, but they have left their three-year-old son, Alexander, in New York.

Burl, who is about six feet tall and weighs close on 20st., is one of those rare people—an unreservedly happy person.

"Why shouldn't I be?" said Burl. "I came from a shanty town— itinerant farmer environment—to being what I always wanted to be, a top ballad singer."

"A fascinatin' thing about ballad singin'," he added, "is that it brings you into touch with ordinary, warm-hearted people wherever you go. And that makes me happy. And when I sing to them that makes me happy, too."

"One of the things I look forward to in Australia is that there will be, I know, a large number of people come and see me with songs for me to sing."

"You can tell Australians I want them to do that. I'm on the look-out for any real indigenous Australian folk songs, adapted aboriginal songs, or any English folk songs that have been kept alive one way or another."

"Experts try to tell you that in new countries folk songs have died out."

"Tain't true, they're there if you only look for them."

"I'm workin' on a real dandy arrangement of 'Waltzin' Matilda,' which I consider to be one of the greatest folk songs in the world. I hope Australians like it."

The Ives' live in a beautiful New York apartment overlooking the misty Hudson River, but Burl good-humoredly complains there isn't room to swing a cat in it.

"Man," he said, when I had

settled myself into the largest armchair I have ever sat in, "I've never had enough livin' space at any time in my life."

And I don't see how I ever will, Since Helen and I have been married we've been constantly movin' into larger apartments.

"But we no sooner move than we start collectin' things, and next thing you know there ain't enough room."

He lists the reasons for the cramped space of the Ives home as being—himself, his attractive brunette wife, Helen, his three-year-old son, Alexander, two giant 200lb. Great Danes, innumerable cats, a library of 2000 books and as many records, walls covered with large-framed Breughels, Matisses, and Picassos, and numerous tables, perilously overlaid with Copenhagen china and precious objets d'art Burl has collected on his global wanderings.

This list covers only the more important things to be found in the Ives home, but it also gives a good pointer to the tastes of Burl and his wife.

Burl, who is 42, started his wanderings and his singing at an early age. Folk songs interested him most because he was continually hearing them. Later he found his melodic, throaty style of singing was ideally suited to ballads.

"Hard as it's been, I enjoyed every bit of it," he said. "My folks were poorer than church mice, but they were happy people. In fact, they were so

BURL IVES, who will tour Australia for the A.B.C. next month. He will arrive in Sydney on May 25, and his first public concert will be in Melbourne on June 2.

happy, despite the problems of bringin' up six children on practically no money at all, that they became known as the 'Singin' Ives'."

"And you've got to be happy to sing when you're never anythin' but down and out."

Ives was born in June, 1909, into a family of Illinois farmers, riverboat gamblers, and preachers.

Now world famous as "The Wayfaring Stranger," Ives recalls singing the haunting song of that name to fellow hoboes in the depressed America of the early '30's.

The hungry, ragged band angrily demanded something more cheerful, and they got "The Big Rock Candy Mountain," which they loved.

"The Wayfaring Stranger" had a long way to wander before he sang at the White House and was warmly congratulated by the late President Roosevelt.

Mr. Roosevelt-told Burl his favorite song was "Home On the Range."

Burl was in Chicago when Roosevelt died. The N.B.C. asked him to sing in the memorial programme for Roosevelt.

He says: "I sang 'Home On the Range.' I choked. It was the toughest job I ever did in my life."

Mrs. Ives, in between running the crowded Ives home, catering for Burl's insatiable appetite, looking after young Alexander, the dogs, and the cats, manages to act as secretary and script-writer.

She is looking forward to her Australian visit.

"I have met some Australian women in the past few years, and they were such grand people I felt that if ever I had



BIG-MAN, BIG DOG.
Twenty-stone Ives romping with one of his two Great Danes. The dog weighs 200 pounds. Ives says the two dogs and innumerable cats help to make his big apartment overcrowded.

the chance to go to Australia I would take it," she said.

The Ives' lead a crowded, busy life. They both pilot their own plane, which they use for hopping between town and town on personal appearance tours.

Burl is constantly recording. His repertoire of songs, which he carries in his head, contains more than 300 folk songs and traditional ballads.

His recordings for children are hit songs all over the U.S. and are now selling in England and other parts of the world. Twice a year he visits Washington, where he makes special recordings of rare folk songs for the Congressional Library files.

Government leaders and anthropologists had to nag him into that, he says, because they didn't trust his fabulous memory and thought he might some day forget them.

Mrs. Ives said that Burl's keenest fan was Alexander, who listened avidly to all of Burl's records.

"Do you ever sing to him?" I asked. Burl shot me a look of horror.

"Man, don't ever suggest such a thing," he answered. "Alexander thinks my records are sung by someone else. If he knew I could sing he'd run me ragged in no time."



THE IVES FAMILY. Mr. and Mrs. Ives and their son Alexander in their New York flat. Leaving Alexander behind was the hardest decision the Ives' had to make before leaving for their world tour.

Mineral that is worth more than gold



"UM PLUM PLOOZIE" is the name Australian children give the song sung here by five Dutch youngsters at Wittenoom school for the visitors, Major and Mrs. Mitchell. Helped by fellow pupils, the New Australian children are just learning English.



COMING OFF SHIFT in the asbestos mine are four New Australian miners. One is a Czech, another a Yugoslav, and the other two are Italians. All earn high wages.



YUGOSLAV GARDENER displays some of the vegetables grown for the township. The Colonial Sugar Refining Company, which operates the Wittenoom Gorge asbestos mine, maintains the gardens.

Old and New Australians merge in bush asbestos town

By THELMA MITCHELL

Thirteen hundred track miles north of Perth lies the new little township of Wittenoom, its iron roofs gleaming in the hard sunlight. It lies across the entrance to the gorge a few miles up, near the blue asbestos mines.

The mines could have been started anywhere over miles of this country, for the body of asbestos covers an enormous area.

It has been said that the proven amount of asbestos on the Wittenoom field alone is worth—even at pre-war prices—more than all the gold ever taken out of Australia.

The Colonial Sugar Refining Company operates the mine. George, my husband, and I visited Wittenoom while on a caravan tour of Australia.

George stopped our utility and caravan in front of the



THELMA MITCHELL, author of this article, rigged out with safety-lamp and helmet to enter the mine.

spacious store, the only one in the district.

The store was really a surprise. Cool, airy, and well laid out, it seemed to stock everything. I was out to fill up with everything we would need on the long run to Darwin, and had a wonderful time.

George bought all the Australian tobacco and cigarettes he wanted. It was like a pre-war shop.

While a pleasant-faced Dutch saleswoman was serving me—and making a good job of it—a cheery Australian shop assistant came up for a chat.

As usual, the opening remark was: "Where do you come from?" When I explained, she bombarded us with questions.

Then some customers came in. Before serving them, she introduced herself as Gwen, told us where her home was, and insisted that we go up there, make a cup of tea, have a shower, and generally make ourselves at home.

We would find tea, sugar, and milk, etc. Grab anything we wanted out of the fridge—open any tins we fancied. She would come over at lunch-time. Just like that!

Gwen's Irish setter met us joyfully at the unlocked bungalow, and we stayed three days.

Gwen's husband came in after work. The two of them had determined to roam round Australia, taking up life in various outback places till their wanderlust was cured. Half resentfully they explained that pay and conditions were so good at Wittenoom that they just couldn't get away.

In their home we saw the merging of new and old Australians. A Dutchwoman, wife of one of the mine staff, made several visits. She had taken up spare-time dressmaking.

Although she hadn't much English, the language of dress-making seems to be universal.

Outside, where George was tinkering with the car one morning, a group of flaxen-haired Dutch youngsters put him through his paces.

"Will wolves eat little boys?"

"No wolves, only dingoes, and they are frightened of little boys."

"I saw a little snake yesterday—bought this big. Will big snakes swallow little boys?"

"No, big snakes won't swallow little boys; but keep away from them just the same."

"Where is Sydney?"

"That way, 3000 kilometres."

"Could you drive there tomorrow?"

At this stage I went in to help Gwen, leaving George to their mercy. On the way up the gorge towards the mine was the green of a vegetable garden. The Yugoslav gardener proudly showed cabbages, turnips, and onions. His Italian wife was busy among the hundreds of hens and chickens in yards behind their cottage.

The garden is kept by the company to ensure that the township has fresh vegetables and eggs. All other commodities are flown in.

Very soon we came on the quarter-million-pound powerhouse, the crushing mill spouting dust like smoke, and the mine offices.

There appeared to be some difficulty about a woman going down the mine. I had had this business of being left out of things because I was a woman. George wouldn't let me climb down an old ladder to a Nullarbor cave; I wasn't let go out on a whale-chaser at Carnarvon; and I couldn't get one foot inside the New Norcia Monastery.

So I talked plenty and fast to the mine people and at last overcame all objections.

You don't go down these mines, it is just a matter of walking in along a level tunnel.

In the heavy warm air, remote sounds came from workers on the face, or one could hear the dull rumble of drills in adjoining tunnels.

It was strange to look up at the smooth rock of the roof, sometimes 30 feet across without a single support.

We had to bend in places where the roof came low. About 200 yards along we came to the face. Above was the blue line of the asbestos, which can be teased into filaments finer than any hair.

The knowledge that this mineral was set down around



HEADMASTER Mr. D. Casteldine and assistant teacher Miss A. Humphries, with some of their Australian and New Australian pupils outside Wittenoom school.

400,000,000 years ago and is being brought to the air for the first time is rather shaking.

Our next visit was to the pretty little school.

What is being done at this school should be proclaimed from the rooftops.

Here are Mr. D. Casteldine and Miss A. Humphries, two practical idealists who are doing a job of national importance swiftly and splendidly.

When the school was opened a few months ago they found that their pupils were, roughly, half-in-half the children of Australian parents and of New Australian parents. Many of the children couldn't speak English.

It was uphill work to start. They had not only to teach but to supply the English in which they could be understood.

Another problem was that these two teachers must handle all grades.

One of the solutions was to get native-born children to help the newcomers.

Time is set aside for children to work together in fours, two New Australians and two others. Sitting on the verandah, they read to each other, discuss the meaning of words, and exchange knowledge.

There is an honored undertaking that no language except English shall be spoken in school hours.

An exception was when four bright-faced Dutch kiddies sang for us without a trace of shyness. The Australian pupils called it "Um plum ploozie."

While we were considering further activities in Wittenoom, a jeep came up, its owner asking for my husband. We had been due at Roy Hill station two days before to meet George and Pauline Falkner, of Haddon Rig, N.S.W.

The driver said that the Roy Hill manager thought we might have broken down.

Taking this as a hint to move on, we set out over a track wrecked by washaways. "Come back to Wittenoom!"

If we do, it will be by air.



OVER-ALL VIEW of the newly established township of Wittenoom, W.A. The Colonial Sugar Refining Company's asbestos project there is proving a perfect merging ground for old and New Australians.



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Some of my patients...

BY A DOCTOR

"WILL you come in?" I said, opening the waiting-room door to an attractive girl.

She smiled. "I see, doctor, you don't remember me," she said. "I was Marion Grant. I'm Marion Anderson now."

"I'm not ill, but I'm going to have a baby, I think, and mother is very worried. She wants me to have a check-up, and said I should ask you whether it would be safe for me to keep on working."

"I'm in a library, and you see we're saving to buy a home."

Marion was right about the baby, and she was healthy and normal.

"I see no reason why you shouldn't work for a few months so long as you don't get overtired," I told her.

"However, these days house-keeping and shopping are so difficult compared to what they were a few years ago that you'll probably find it hard to run two jobs."

"Provided you don't have to lift heavy weights like piles of books or go climbing ladders, there's no reason why you shouldn't work until you are six months pregnant."

"Statistics show that women who work after the sixth month in so-called 'gainful occupations' are more liable to have a premature baby than others."

I added: "You won't go back to work after the baby's born, I hope."

"No. You see, we really want to have several children, and to bring them up properly."

It's difficult to give advice to pregnant women in regard to keeping on their jobs. Before World War II interesting

● This is the first of a new series written by a family doctor. In discussing "some of my patients," our doctor will bring you not only helpful medical information but also glimpses of the human drama that is part of every doctor's daily round.

figures were collected in England on this point.

It was found that maternal mortality was usually higher among those who worked—particularly in the textile trade. The extra risk to babies whose mothers worked in the textile trade was said to cause about 35 deaths in every 1000.

This included not only the death-rate among full-time babies but also that due to an increased premature birth-rate.

No mother-to-be should work where there is a chemical risk.

With the exception of these hazards, other work did not seem to increase the risk provided the expectant mother stopped work about the sixth month.

I always advise a mother to stay at home once she has a child or children, unless circumstances imperatively demand otherwise.

Even in England less than 10 per cent. of married women work after childbirth.

Among those who work, it is an exceptional mother, and one able to get very good help, who has time to devote to loving and getting her children, as all mothers should do.

She is often so tired and hurried that she speaks sharply.

This is a great shame because the security of a happy home where the child knows himself loved lays the foundation for his happy future.

ANOTHER problem of a home life cropped up when I saw Mrs. Smyth last patient in my surgery that day.

I delivered her two babies and have looked after her for years.

"Good morning," I greeted her, "and how are the children?"

"That's what I've come to see you about," she said. "I'm worried about Jill."

Jill is her elder girl.

"Oh, what's the trouble?" I asked.

"Well, she waxes so much and won't eat. John gets so cross and impatient with her and says she whines all the time. He can't understand why she isn't like Anne."

"John has always been very keen about Anne, right from the time she was born. He says she was the perfect baby."

"As soon as he comes home he romps with her and makes a fuss of her. He hardly notices Jill at all."

"It's most unfair, but when I tell him so it only makes things worse," she added.

Knowing the family so well made advice-giving easier.

"Don't blame John too much for his lack of sympathy," I told her.

"Remember, men admire good health and tend to be more impatient than women with illness, especially a man like your husband, who can boast he has never had a day's sickness in his life."

"He probably expects both his children to have his health and exuberant spirits."

"I'll have a look at Jill and make sure she's physically sound. But probably she is suffering from being the elder child."

"Anne stole her thunder with her father. It's unfair of him to make comparisons."

"If she's not physically ill, Jill's whining and unwillingness to eat are a means of getting attention."

"Don't pick on her or allow her father to do so. If you could be sure she'd feel she was doing something her little sister can't do, it might be a good idea to send her to a nursery school."

"Arrange for her to have her midday meal there. Tell her what fun it will be, and when she comes home give her a lot of attention and coax her to tell you and your husband all about school."

We made a time for Jill's physical check-up and Mrs. Smyth departed.

Her problem with Jill is a difficult one.

The first child of the family whom a father expects to be a paragon, and who, even so, is disparagingly compared to a sister or brother, is a psychological problem.

The cure must start from both sides. The child's ego must be given a boost and the father must have his complacency shattered.

Very rarely in my experience is the mother at fault.

The first child arrives, meaning more to the mother than even she could have believed possible.

The second comes, and father—having been educated to babies, so to speak—transfers his attention and the manifestation of his affection to the new one.

Admiring relatives and friends complicate things by enthusing over the little new baby, while the elder child stands by almost completely ignored. This is particularly so if the elder child is not as robust as the younger.

It is as easy as this to start an inferiority complex in a child, who will then need very careful handling for some years.

Every child must be shown by affection and interest that he counts with his parents. Only in this way will he get the sense of security he needs.

Names used are fictitious and do not refer to any living person.



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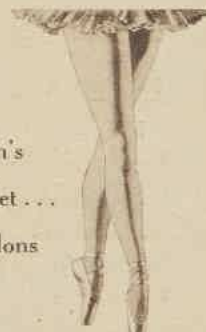
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Woman edits encyclopaedia

By ANNE MATHESON, of our London staff

In the summer of 1944, as the fly bombs were falling on London, Mrs. Marjorie Law, a Surrey housewife, undertook the task of bringing out the new 15-volume Chambers' Encyclopaedia, which contains 14½ million words and is the first work of this kind to be edited by a woman.

GREATEST source of pride to Mrs. Law in handling articles by 2300 eminent contributors is that not one slip of copy or a proof was lost.

Tall, good-looking, with large hazel eyes and brown hair that waves softly, Mrs. Law, who holds a Cambridge M.A. degree, is anything but a "blue stocking."

She is a smart dresser, is feminine, and has a sweet personality. Her voice is soft, clear, and well-modulated.

Though Mrs. Law has done other encyclopaedic work since she left Cambridge, her career has not cut across her home life. She is married, with two sons, one just down from Oxford and the other at Cambridge.



MRS. MARJORIE LAW

"The difficulty in making an encyclopaedia is to decide just where to begin," said Mrs. Law.

"As an editor, of course, I started with a sense of exhilaration, a clean sheet, a free hand, and all the elbow-room in the world."

"But I soon had 52 advisers, most of whom were academic people, usually busy with their own work."

Through the 52 advisers Mrs. Law was kept in touch with her 2300 contributors.

"I found a cup of tea in the office very soothing, and many an important item was knocked into shape or planned over the afternoon cup of tea or at lunch," she said.

"Special problems were the composite articles."

"For the article on 'Nep-tune,' for instance, I had to

combine information from the Astronomer Royal with a contribution from a professor on the history and philosophy of religion—quite a task.

"Then there was 'Chronology,' in which the Astronomer Royal appeared again, this time in company with the archaeologists."

"When I came to 'Cat,' an expert from the Zoo and a student of folk-lore were brought together over the teacups."



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CHILDREN AS ARTISTS:

They illustrate Hans Andersen's beloved tales

• Danish judges who are seeking the 100 best illustrations by children of Hans Andersen's stories have to examine 4400 paintings from 44 countries.

The world-wide contest was arranged by a Danish organisation, "Save the Child."

The 100 best illustrations will be published in book form and sold to raise money

for the welfare of children in each country represented.

Thousands of entries were received from all parts of Australia, and out of these local judges selected 100 to send to Copenhagen.

Willoughby, N.S.W., Home Science School submitted 650 entries. The majority of the successful young artists in Australia were girls.



"THE DOG had a pair of eyes each as large as a round tower, and they kept rolling round in his head like wheels." George Taber, 13, of North Newtown (N.S.W.) School, chose "The Tinder Box" for the Hans Andersen contest.



BARBARA BOWERS, 14, of Willoughby (N.S.W.) Home Science School, chose "The Little Mermaid."



"THE SWINEHERD," Kay Martin, 12, of Willoughby Home Science School, showed good composition.



SCENE from "The Nightingale," painted by Wilma Swan, 14, of Kent St. High School, Victoria Park, W.A.



SUSANNE LOTT, 12, of Willoughby Home Science School, illustrated an amusing scene from "The Swineherd."



"THE LITTLE MATCH-GIRL" was chosen by Barbara Henschke, 14, of Girls' Central Art School, Adelaide.

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Notice the glorious difference in your hair after your very first Lusto-Creme shampoo. Hair dulled by soap abuse... dusty with dandruff is now fragrantly clean. Hair robbed of natural sheen glows with renewed sunbright highlights.

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No other shampoo in the world can work this miracle for your hair because Lusto-Creme's life-giving lather puts back your hair's own natural oils, dried out in sun and wind.

Lusto-Creme
THE LANOLIZED CREAM
Shampoo



SO BEAUTIFULLY EASY... SO EASILY BEAUTIFUL



A WATCHDOG

who gives bite for bite.

A dog who seldom barks at night,
Who comes when called and goes
when told.

Is more than worth his weight in
gold.

The remedy for coughs and chills,
That every expectation fills.

Must be efficient, fresh and pure.

And that is

Woods' Great Peppermint Cure.

Worth Reporting

EIGHTEEN New York girl students are working their way through university by going to parties. They are enrolled as party helpers in the Lois M. Freeman Children's Party Service.

Miss Freeman, a school-teacher, got the idea of forming the Children's Party Service after she successfully organized a party for the children of some neighbors six years ago.

To date her service has organized 1247 children's parties, about a third of which she has attended herself.

The service caters only for the four-to-twelve age group.

No girl is put on Miss Freeman's list until she has attended a party with her prospective employer and has passed the qualifying test.

What pleases Miss Freeman best is to see the "party girl" candidate get down on the floor with the children and play with them.

"I want to know that she really likes children and won't act the disciplinarian," Miss Freeman said.

"After all, children have a right to enjoy their own parties."

Two Ngs find it too much

THEIR names, Ng Yu Mei and Ng Yu Mun, have proved too much for two Chinese sisters now in Melbourne studying accountancy.

Their surname, Ng, is pronounced like "ing" without the "i." The sisters say that repeating it after introductions gives them quite enough trouble without the use of their other names.

To simplify existence, Ng Yu Mei ("Sister of jade") calls herself Gillian, and Ng Yu Mun ("Full of jade") calls herself Peggy.

The girls came from Penang, where they will return after they qualify to help their businessman father.

One of their sisters is studying music in New York, and they also have a brother there doing engineering.

Working for the Yankee dollar

ANIMALS in the Melbourne Zoo are making a modest contribution to dollar-earning.

A Chicago man, Mr. William Moody, wrote to the zoo publicity officers, Miss Sue Thomas and Mrs. Joyce Seckamp, asking for animal pictures.

"I am sending photographs of animals in the famous zoos of the world to my nephews and nieces all over the United States," he explained.

He duly received a set of 13 postcards of zoo animals.

WHILE most intelligent men go in for the lesser literary work known as whodunits to get away from the daily strain, New York milliner Sally Victor says that intelligent women turn to hats for a release from tension.

"The brainier the babe the bolder her bonnet," says Sally.

She should know. Among her customers are Mrs. Anna Rosenberg, U.S. Assistant Secretary for Defence; Anita Colby, the former model and Hollywood film executive; and Mrs. Dwight Eisenhower.

They met under a giraffe

THE head of a life-size giraffe poking out of the splintered glass window of a Sydney store recently proved as good as an introduction to total strangers.

It also caused a number of people to rush into the store with the news that the window was "broken."

The giraffe was set in a jungle scene among trees covered with leaves of champagne-colored silk to advertise garments of a new fabric.

The head of the store's display department told us that the splintered glass effect was obtained by fixing pieces of broken glass to the back of the window.

"It's not a new gag," he said. "Our first display of this kind was a snow scene, about 10 years ago, with a pine tree through the glass."

He fiddled his way abroad

BACK in Australia after three years abroad, 23-year-old violinist Len Dommet, formerly of Toowoomba, Queensland, has played with the B.B.C. Symphony Orchestra, led the Covent Garden Orchestra, toured the British zone of Germany as leader of the Ballet Rambert orchestra, and played in a special Command Performance at Windsor Castle.

Conductors under whom he played included Sir Adrian Boult, Bruno Walter, Sir Thomas Beecham, and Constant Lambert.

All this was accomplished without introductions.

"I didn't take any, and conductors aren't interested in them," Len said. "They give all aspirants two auditions, and they are pretty tough."

Len said that Australian musicians and composers were active in England.

"Not long before I left, a young Sydney musician, Don Banks, gathered us together to form a new society to publicise Australian works," he added.

"With Arthur Benjamin as president, and the High Commissioner, Sir Thomas White, as patron, the society plans to give four recitals or concerts a year of Australian compositions played by Australian artists."

"Already the first recital has been given at the London Contemporary Music Society, and I believe it was a great success."

A 15-YEAR-OLD Melbourne schoolgirl is the architect of the new house being built in Suva by Mr. E. L. Bradnam, of the Fiji Department of Education.

She is Joan Gray, who won a £50 prize in our Plan-a-Home Competition last year.

In the letter Mr. Bradnam wrote asking us for a copy of her prize-winning plan, he explained that his house had been completely destroyed in the hurricane this year, and with it the issue of The Australian Women's Weekly containing Joan's design.

THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

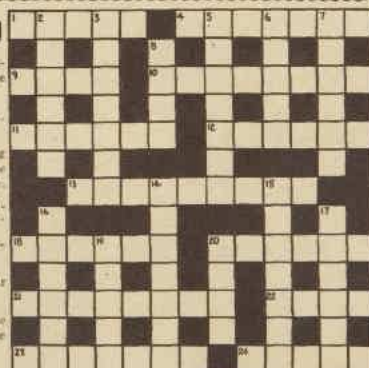
ACROSS

1. Look back on a vehicle of joyous song (5).
4. Needed on a car and at Handwick beginning always as a holy art (7).
9. Horizontal or inclined passage to or from a mine (4).
10. Authority downright in the middle (8).
11. Make conspicuous a dollar in small change (6).

CHOP AND CHANGE
I T O R I U L
V I T A T E N O R S E
I E N A G S O
C A R T A D H E R E N T
M R R U E E
A P L O M M O B A P
L U O U E R
R E S T O N E S L A S S
G I T P A S A A
A B D E S P O R A N
C A N E R H O E
W O L F A N D C O R N E R

Solution to last week's crossword

12. Obtain by intimidation out of private wrong (8).
13. Sharp line (anagr.) (8).
18. In the beginning Abraham's wife turned to trouble (6).
20. Chairwoman of comedies (6).
21. Wounded Timothy ordered to blush (8).
22. Article in newspaper in time (4).
23. Mere fan can embrace a picture in a case (7).
24. 8080 feet, more than once (5).

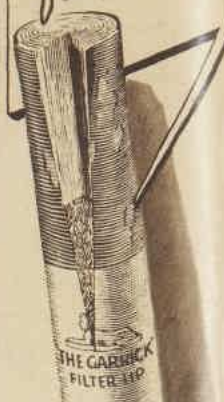


Solution will be published next week

DOWN

2. Kidnap a sailor with tube (6).
3. No porridge without it (7).
5. Alma what sailor obtains (7).
6. To return an impulse about a part of a play (5).
7. Whole in the French rubber band (6).
8. Hard study of turned coarse parts of flux (4).
14. No pounding of piano keys is a quick remedy (7).
15. When broken up navies surround nothing, it's just a shuffling excuse (7).
16. I with no rat can make a daily allowance (6).
17. Let sin be taciturn (6).
19. Pussil restin produced by a dream (5).
20. Season which can edit (4).

The SCIENTIFIC
Garrick
filter-tip



A special blend
for filter-tip
smoking...

Garrick
FILTER-TIP
CIGARETTES



821.12-50

The New Jantzens

SKIRTS • SLACKS • SHIRTS • KNITTEDS FOR MEN

*You can finger their
wonderful quality... try it!*



Jantzen

Finely tailored
for perfect fit

You can *feel* Jantzen quality in every inch of cloth. Turn your Jantzen inside out. You can *see* quality in every stitch. That means value — Jantzen value — the sort of value you owe to yourself to buy every time these days.

Note the details of Jantzen styling. Notice the little "tailored" touches that you would only expect to find in the world's best tailoreds. It might be a pleated vent flirting from a slinky smooth-hipped skirt, or a saucy, puckish peak on a Mandarin collar—two flaps, instead of one, trimming a hipline.

*Watch for these
new Jantzens—they're
at all leading stores*

The men's Jantzens are top-quality Australian merino wool through and through... Lots of bright new styles among the 1952 Jantzens for men! Jantzens knitteds hold their shape through the years. The button holes are reinforced.

Natural looking Curls



that defy dampness, sun, heat, dryness, cold

Yes—Richard Hudnut Home Permanent gives you the most natural-looking wave you've ever seen, no frizz, no kinks, and so easy to manage. It can do this because of its 22% more effective waving lotion—and because of its brand-new secret ingredient, NEUTRALISER BOOSTER.

Now, you can not only get soft, lustrous, natural-looking curls, but also stronger curls that are unaffected by the elements, curls that spring right back after combing with all the strength of natural curls.

Use the economical Richard Hudnut Home Permanent Refill Kit—it contains everything you need except curlers, and may be used with any plastic curlers. If you prefer, the complete kit is available containing everything required plus a bottle of Richard Hudnut Creme Rinse.

At all chemists and selected department stores.



Richard Hudnut home permanent Refill

BRING OUT THE Lovelights IN YOUR HAIR.

GIVE IT A BEAUTIFUL LUSTROUS SHEEN WITH

Richard Hudnut egg creme SHAMPOO

IT'S Concentrated—32 SHAMPOOS FROM EACH 8-OZ. BOTTLE.

Its secret, of course, is egg, which makes the hair so much more manageable; brings out the lovelights in your hair. See how much easier your perm will take—how much longer your perm will last—how much more alluring your hair will become.

WHITE WITCH DOCTOR

Louise A. Stinetorf

An unforgettable novel, fresh and different. Ellen Burton, knowing little of Theology and less of Medicine, braves the Congo as a Medical Missionary. Her story is by turns amusing, hair-raising, and warmly moving.

A story of courage and triumph.

15/-

From all booksellers.

SHAKESPEARE HEAD PRESS
Sydney, Melbourne, Brisbane, Adelaide.

Women Anglers



FISHING TEAM. Mrs. J. Ringland rows while her 16-year-old daughter, Judith, tosses out the anchor on a trip in search of a really good haul up the Myall River, N.S.W.



INCHES TO SPARE. Ann Engel and Elea McGrath watch while Fisheries Inspector Harry Evans measures Lottie Gazzard's catch to ensure it complies with fish regulations.

• With a beach and a river at their back doors, some of the girls and women at Tea Gardens, N.S.W., formed a Ladies' Fishing Club last year.

The result, as these pictures indicate, has been hours of fun, companionship, and relaxation, plus hands that a professional fisherman would not be too proud to claim.



DAY'S OUTING. Mrs. C. De Lore sets off with lunch in the basket for herself and dog Lassie. Mrs. De Lore fishes often with Lassie, mostly from the beach and riverbanks.



GOOD CATCH. Mrs. Harry Harper holds the bag for the big flathead landed by club president Lottie Gazzard.

...the ones they hook hardly ever get away

THE Tea Gardens Ladies' Fishing Club, started a year ago, is purely social although the members have competitions to give added interest to their hobby of fishing.

The club has a membership of 33, whose ages range from 16 to over 60.

Lottie Gazzard is president, and Mary Robards is secretary.

The club holds fortnightly meetings to decide on outings, trophies, and so on, and to dis-

cuss general business, such as functions to defray the cost of trophies. These are mostly awarded for the best catch of a day's outing.

Many of the trophies are donated by local business men.

On a regular day's outing members rig their lines, check oars and gear. When they've "got ready and got set," the starting time is called and all boats leave simultaneously.

Some members take their children and make a picnic of the day, but the keener fans don't stop for lunch.

Official club captain and weigher-in of catches is Tom

Perrin, proprietor of the local boatshed, which is the centre of departure and return.

Fish are judged on one point per fish and one point per lb. So far, Jill Perrin is leading in the point score for the year.

All the members are experienced fisherwomen and know their fish, tides, types of bait, lines, and sinkers. They use all types of fishing gear, and some use three lines at a time.

They go beach fishing and estuary fishing, mostly in twos and threes for companionship.

And all members clean their own fish.



MOTHER'S DAY OUT. Jack Gazzard gets lunch for the children, Pat and Fay Gazzard, while his wife, Lottie, goes fishing. Jack shares her enthusiasm for the sport. He is a member of the Tea Gardens Men's Fishing Club and is one of its best fishermen.



HOMEWARD BOUND. Members of the Tea Gardens Ladies' Fishing Club return from a day's outing loaded with baskets, fishing gear, and, of course, fish. Their assembly place is the local boatshed, where catches are weighed and judged by proprietor T. Perrin.

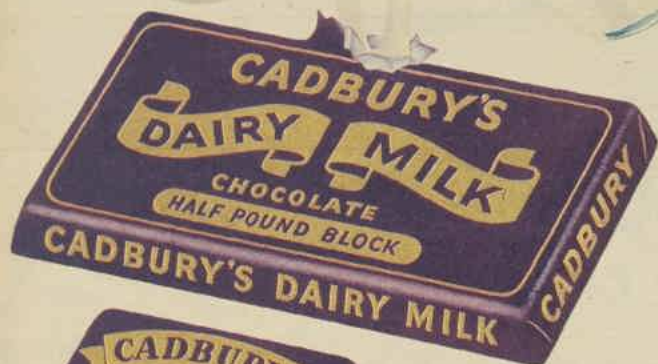


"COMPLEAT ANGLER" is scarcely the description for Netta Godwin, who here perches on a bollard. Netta, who works in an office at Tea Gardens, is in the learners' stage of using rod and reel, but she hopes to join the club. Pictures taken by Adelle Hurley.



FULLY EQUIPPED with gumboots and sun-hats, Mrs. E. Smith and Mrs. Les Motum use hand-lines to fish in the Myall River. Both are over 60. Like other older women in the club, they get more fun, if possible, out of fishing than the younger women do.

CADBURY'S DAIRY MILK CHOCOLATE



*There is
a glass and
a half of
full cream milk
in every
half pound!*

I want Cadbury's

... delicious to eat, and good food too!

DRESS SENSE By Betty Keep

● Two colors in one dress make an attractive new fashion for after dark. This fashion news answers the reader whose letter appears below.

"WILL you please help me with a design for an evening frock to wear this winter? I have bought 8yds. of white crepe which I would like to use with another color."

Certainly combine another color with your white crepe. You couldn't have anything more in fashion. Flamingo, copper, sulphur, and emerald-green are all strong colors that would have a striking effect against pure white. The design I have chosen for your dress is illustrated at right. The fitted bust-line, wide-set halter straps, and sash are in contrast. The skirt is gracefully wide.

You can obtain a paper pattern for the design in sizes 32in. to 38in. bust measurement; the price is 6/6. The pattern requires 7yds. 36in. material, plus 1yds. 31in. contrast.



EVENING FROCK in two colors. Requires 7yds. 36in. material and 1yds. 31in. contrast. Pattern price is 6/6.

Coat trimming

"I AM planning a going-away outfit for my July wedding. I have sufficient emerald-green wool for a coat and frock, and would like the collar and cuffs of the coat in contrast, but do not want to use velvet. I am tall, 36in. bust, and have all

ways liked unusual and striking fashions."

My suggestion is a full-length loose-cut coat in green wool, designed with a cape-like collar and large cuffs and faced with black-and-white tweed. Have the accompanying wool dress simply styled, with a soft bodice and the skirt worked in narrow sections, alternating panels of tiny pleats and plain fabric.

Fashion FROCKS

Ready to wear or cut out ready to make

Taffeta lining

"PLEASE suggest some new little touch or trim for a navy-blue flannel suit I am having made this winter."

My suggestion for your navy suit is a detachable, above-elbow-length cape lined in red taffeta, with the under-collar of the jacket lined to match. The jacket could be buttoned at the throat-line and finished with a round collar. Have the waistline well defined, the skirt cut in gores—full, but not excessively so.

Theatre coat

"WOULD you advise me on a coat design to wear in the evenings over ballerina frocks? I am keen to have a really dressy and striking coat, as it is to wear on my honeymoon."

In New York there is a fashion revival for street-length theatre coats in velvet and brocade, and one would be perfect to wear with your ballerina frock. It could in fact be made in any formal material with sufficient "body" to submit to the precision of tailoring.

A typical design and one you might consider has a wrapped full skirt, small waist, shawl-collar, and narrow sleeves dramatised with deep gauntlet cuffs. The coat is fastened with jewel buttons.

DRESS SENSE PATTERNS

WHEN ordering a paper pattern for the design illustrated, address letters to Mrs. Betty Keep, "Dress Sense," The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

Enclose the illustration of the design and the cost of pattern, 6/6.

Be sure to give full address, including the State you live in, and also supply size.

I will be glad to advise you in my column on any fashion problem.

NOTE: Please make a second color choice. No C.O.D. orders accepted. If ordering by mail send to address given on page 50.



"RIMA."—A pretty nightgown styled with a shirred elastic bodice and waistline. The material is printed voile. The color choice includes a multi-colored flower design printed on white, lemon, pale green, and powder-blue grounds.

Ready To Wear: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, 57/6; 36 and 38in. bust, 59/11.

Cut Out Only: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, 37/3; 36 and 38in. bust, 39/9. Postage and registration, 3/3 extra.

"SHAN."—A nightgown for a small girl, designed in a pretty floral winceyette printed on blue, lemon, green, pink, and white grounds.

Ready To Wear: Sizes—1yr., 19/3; 2yrs., 20/9; 3yrs., 21/9; 4yrs., 22/11.

Cut Out Only: Sizes—1yr., 13/3; 2yrs., 14/9; 3yrs., 15/11; 4yrs., 16/11. Postage and registration, 1/10 extra.

"VERITY."—A girl's skirt and jacket. Obtainable in all wool tartan, the jacket has a white pique detachable collar and bow. The choice of tartan includes the Black Watch, McKenzie, Douglas, McDonald, and Cameron of Locheaden.

Ready To Wear: Sizes—4yrs., 20in. length, 63/-; Postage, 2/3 extra. 6yrs., 23in. length, 64/11. Postage, 2/3 extra. 8yrs., 27in. length, 67/9. Postage, 2/9 extra. 10yrs., 31in. length, 70/3. Postage, 2/9 extra. 12yrs., 34in. length, 72/11. Postage, 2/9 extra.

Cut Out Only: Sizes—4yrs., 20in. length, 49/9. Postage, 2/3 extra. 8yrs., 27in. length, 54/6. Postage, 2/9 extra. 10yrs., 31in. length, 57/-; Postage, 2/9 extra. 12yrs., 34in. length, 59/-; Postage, 2/9 extra.

Elegance in new wool fashions

Elegance is expressed simply in luxurious wools. The four daytime models here were chosen from a collection presented by La Chambre Syndicale de la Couture Parisienne co-operating with the International Wool Secretariat.

● Full-length grey wool coat, at left, has new side-buttoning effect and squirrel-fur lining. The coat is worn over a slim dress. Model by Worth.

● Hooded wool cape, at right, is made in mushroom-brown and soft lime plaid. The cape is worn over a wool suit cut with hipline emphasis. Model by Worth.



● Yellow broadcloth makes the chic one-piece with geometrical cutting, at left. Model by Jeanne Lafaurie.

● Wool ensemble, above, features a half-belted casual topper over a classic suit. Model by Digby Morton.

sun-resisting
washproof...

Fabrics stay coloured—
suspends stay white. No
running of the dyes and
no weakening of colour
as it dries beneath the
sun. How it should be
—and how it is, with
Sanderson Fabrics.

SANDERSON
...FABRICS

MADE AT UXBRIDGE, MIDDLESEX, ENGLAND

Supplied to all the leading Stores in the Six States of Australia



"Don't worry, I can get it . . . I've
been taking lessons in bullet dancing!"



"I hope there won't be bickerin' over
who caught us. I hate scenes."

It seems to me

CLARK GABLE'S fourth wife, the former Lady Ashley, who secured a divorce from him the other day, has thereby augmented her income very nicely with alimony.

Lady Ashley is said to be very comfortably off in her own right. One of her previous husbands, the late Douglas Fairbanks, left her a large inheritance.

From Gable she now has ten per cent. of his income for the first year, and seven per cent. for four subsequent years.

Without embarking on a discussion of the rights and wrongs of alimony in certain circumstances, one can only wonder that male members of the film world embark so fecklessly on these brief and expensive associations which are dignified by the name of marriages.

Mr. Gable in his films has always portrayed a tough and worldly man, but . . .
Who said women weren't the cleverer sex?

ANOTHER Hollywood note comes from actress Faith Domergue, who announced when she arrived in London last month that she was too tired to be glamorous any more.

She is 26 years old, has two small children, and has decided to leave films and be merely a wife.

Being glamorous doesn't strike you as a tiring occupation when compared with selling ribbons or washing dishes.

Yet Miss Domergue found it so. And when you come to think of it, having to look sultry all the time might be just as exhausting as trying to look pleasant.

Remember, these girls don't just have to do themselves up once a week for a dance. They can't go round in the morning looking like something the cat brought in.

They can't crouch over a cafe lunch table, reading a magazine with one hand and swallowing a toasted sandwich at high speed. A producer might see them, so they must always make use of the gifts nature gave them and look beautiful, perfectly groomed—glamorous in a word.

It isn't just a hobby. It's a job.
It must be absolutely wearisome at times, mustn't it?

Oh, all right, so you're not sobbing with sympathy? To be perfectly honest, neither am I.

TALKING of living up to your occupation, I saw a color portrait the other day of the celebrated American authority on etiquette, Emily Post.

She is a dignified, elderly woman, but, what do you know, she was sitting at ease on a sofa with her feet crossed in a manner that was neither good for her shoes nor elegant.

Acting as an example of etiquette must be even harder than being glamorous for a living.

By



Dorothy Drain

EVER feel you're a bit out of date, that you're not always entirely aware of what the teenagers are talking about?

Guaranteed to intensify the feeling is an example of the latest teenage language given in an American magazine.

Instead of a simple "Hi," explains the writer, who gathered his information at a high school, some say "How's your car?" "Ho, men," or "Hi, uglier than I." To be right up to the minute, the user of these greetings grabs the other person's hands at the wrists, turns them from side to side,

and makes a noise like a motor-bike.

If a boy likes a girl he may refer to her as a "buttercup." If not, she is a "moose" or a "crocodile." When a boy is too aggressive some girls say, "Down, fang!" A strict parent may be called "the warden," "the eagle," or "Mrs. Legree."

There is a lot more of the same sort of thing, but perhaps that's enough.

TEEENAGERS may have a special language, but they aren't the only ones who like to use a fashionable idiom.

Not many of us are strong enough to resist the vogue words and phrases that come and go. Even harder is to drop the habit of using them when they're worn thin.

A few years ago "I couldn't care less" and "I couldn't agree more" had the freshness of new-minted coins. The people who took them up most avidly are those who say "I'll do that thing" or "I'll do that small thing" when they mean "Yes." They probably invite you to "tea and small cakes" instead of afternoon tea, and refer to a wife as "My lady wife."

The danger with such expressions is that if you don't drop them when they have had it (or, to be more modern, "gone home"), they are too, too dating. There are people to-day who still say bonzer.

But why worry? After all, how vocabulary-conscious can you get?

DISCUSSING the latest atomic explosion in America, one writer said that the experiment demonstrated the atom bomb as a humane weapon, because it did away with the need for scores of air raids and days of heavy artillery bombardment.

Baby with your fingers curled
Lying peacefully in sleep,
Have no fear; the modern world
That has made your parents weep
Moves ahead and bogies fade,
As in time you're bound to find.
Even atom bombs are made
Cruel only to be kind.

Once in days of long ago,
Years before the Age of Speed,
Wars were harsh and death was slow.
Now, humanely, you'll be freed.
Some day you will face the world,
Never mind, its joys will keep,
Baby, with your fingers curled,
Lying peacefully in sleep.

Locally Stage Star sells

COLINATED FOAM SHAMPOO



MAGGIE FITZGIBBON

"What lovely hair she has!" Packed audiences whisper it every night as brilliant Australian stage star Maggie Fitzgibbon makes her dazzling entrance in the musical comedy success "Kiss Me Kate." Asked the secret of her lustrous, silky-soft hair, Maggie says: "It's no secret really—just a regular weekly Colinated Foam Shampoo." Colinated Foam Shampoo brings glamour to your hair by conditioning it as it cleanses, leaving it excitingly smooth, soft and healthy, and it's a dandruff solvent as well. With nine luxurious shampoos to the bottle, Colinated Foam Shampoo is a real economy these days. Try it tonight—be radiant tomorrow!

After 25 drying skin begins to SHOW!

At about this age, the natural oil that keeps skin soft and fresh starts decreasing. You need a special replacer to offset this drying out. Use this special Pond's lanolin-rich Dry Skin Cream.



Flaky dry skin patches on your cheeks—can spoil make-up.

To Correct—swirl softening Pond's Dry Skin Cream from chin-line up in front of ears.

3 features make Pond's Dry Skin Cream effective: 1. It is rich in lanolin, very like skin's own oil. 2. It is homogenized to soak in better. 3. It has a softening emulsifier.

At night: Work Pond's Dry Skin Cream in richly over face and throat. By day: Use lightly under make-up.

Start this remarkable
correction of your
Dry Skin today!

PD26

KEEP SLIM THE "IVA" WAY

It tones up skin and muscles.
It restores figure beauty.
It preserves youth and vitality.
This unique article costs 40/- (post).



Mail your order to-day to:
IVA VAC. CO.
180 Bourke St., G.I.,
Melbourne, Vic.—or
send for particulars

FROM HOLLYWOOD ... for you!

(U.S.A.)

The most wonderful Bra you'll ever wear



"Hollywood-Maxwell"
by *Berlei*

Bras for daytime

Bras for evening

BRAS FOR EVERY OCCASION

You'll know a new, exciting loveliness in a "Hollywood-Maxwell" bra by Berlei! ... The bra with the first ... the genuine whirlpool stitching that ensures you beautiful, truly natural shaping. "Hollywood-Maxwell" is the film stars' bra and the new 1952 range is more perfect than ever—made in lovely durable fabrics (crisp, cool white—soft nude—alluring black) ... so easy to launder, designed to enhance your natural beauty. Ask to see "Hollywood-Maxwell" bras by Berlei at your favourite store—they're the most wonderful bras you'll ever wear!

"Hollywood-Maxwell's" newest Whirlpool Strapless Bra has been dreamed up for you by Hollywood's cleverest designers! The new Whirlpool Strapless is cleverly wired to stay comfortably in place—no matter how active you are. Tiny, soft, cunningly-hidden foam-rubber pads protect you from any pressure. Famous "Hollywood-Maxwell" whirlpool stitching gives truly natural shaping and support. ... Dainty satin and net (stretch cloth back) make it the best-looking bra ever!

Upper Left: Lovely, lustrous satin in either white or nude. Bust cups are whirlpool stitched. Made in two fittings to fit 32-38.

Upper Right: Diaphanous, light-as-a-whisper Nylon Marquisette. Your choice of colour: white, nude or black. Three cup fittings, front ribbon lacing, adjustable shoulder straps. Sizes 30-38.

Lower: Imagine it! ... White Batiste, dainty Broderie Anglaise cups ... Elastic insets at waist and underarms mean extra comfort and freedom. Two fittings, sizes 34-44.



"Hollywood-Maxwell" ... America's most-asked-for bra

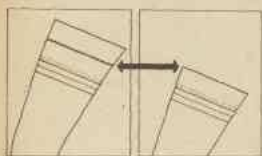
*See them at your favourite store ... ask for a personal fitting



Always look for the name

MORLEY

These famous, gossamer sheer English nylons are even textured and fully fashioned and veil the legs in these newest, hauntingly muted shades: Biscotte, Faunelle, Ruskie, Cinderette and Candy.



MORLEY
ALTERNATOP*
introduces a new exclusive feature to make the gossamer length easily adjustable. Simply turn the top under or over at the specially placed lace line and you have a shorter stocking with a safe, smooth finish.
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Elizabeth Taylor

Elizabeth Taylor as she stars with Larry Parks in M.G.M.'s "Love Is Better Than Ever"



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LUX GIRLS ARE LOVELIER!

The General didn't want to leave home

But he is delighted to be in Australia

By SHEILA PATRICK, staff reporter

Only the affectionate regard that American Lieut.-General Robert L. Eichberger has for Australia induced him to leave his lovely home in North Carolina to come here for the tenth anniversary celebrations of the Coral Sea Battle.

"And I certainly wouldn't have come without my wife, Miss Em," he told me, giving her arm an affectionate squeeze.

"IT'S wonderful now I'm here seeing all the pals I made during the war. Everywhere I go I find old friends."

The General and his wife, who are the guests of the Commonwealth Government and the Australian-American Association, will represent the U.S. at commemorative events in Melbourne, Brisbane, and Canberra.

They will attend the Coral Sea Ball in Sydney on May 7.

When I met the charming, genial General at Government House, Sydney, early in the morning, he grasped my hand warmly and asked me anxiously whether I could get him some Australian money and take some dictation.

When he discovered I was not from the American Consulate, but from the Press, he laughed and said, "I don't

have any money at all. This is terrible.

"And Miss Em is still in bed. I'll go wake her. I guess it's her you want to see. She's the important one really."

"I must change out of this rig into my general's jacket, too, if you are going to take photographs."

"Miss Em doesn't like having her picture taken at all," he muttered, as he disappeared upstairs.

The General's wife is called "Miss Em" by everyone, I discovered. It was originally a pet name used by one of her Southern nannies, and is short for Emeline.

General Eichberger was on General MacArthur's staff during World War II, and commanded American and Australian troops in New Guinea.

A few minutes after he had gone to change, General Eichberger returned in uniform, gently ushering his wife.

"Here she is," he said, looking at her fondly, "and I think



LIEUT.-GENERAL AND MRS. ROBERT L. EICHBERGER at Government House, Sydney, where they were the guests of the Governor of N.S.W., Lieut.-General Sir John Northcott, and Lady Northcott.

she'll have her picture taken if you are very careful and make it good."

Miss Em (I called her this, too, as everyone seemed to be doing it) is a sweet, grey-haired woman who immediately began to tell me about her home back in North Carolina.

"It's so wonderful not to have to move round any more," she told me. "I made this trip with Bob because he wouldn't come by himself."

"We have a lovely colonial house, and we just want to stay right there and settle down."

She showed me some pictures of the house, and I understood how she felt about it.

"All our lives Bob and I have either been parted or living in foreign countries," she said rather sadly. "It's grand now to have come to rest permanently."

"Our home is filled with souvenirs from many countries where my husband has served."

"We have silver ikons and enamel dishes from Russia, cloisonne vases and Japanese screens."

I asked if she had any hobbies or other interests.

"My husband is my hobby," she said. "I run the house, helped by a very good housekeeper, of course, and that seems to take up all my time."

"No, I'm not interested in clothes. My husband sometimes wishes I were."

"I do not usually wear a hat," she said, indicating a smart little cloche she had on, "but Bob said I'd better get a couple for our trip. I sent to New York for this one. Do you think it's nice?"

"Most American women don't wear hats, except in the city," she added, looking dubiously at my red hat.

I told Miss Em I didn't usually wear a hat either, but that a hat must be worn when visiting Government House.

"I'm sure glad I brought my

hat," she replied. "I might not have been allowed in."

General Eichberger, who is 66, is on the retired list. Miss Em told me that he spent most of his time lecturing on the Far East and "visiting the boys in hospital."

He also played golf.

"He tries to run the garden, too, but he is the sort of gardener who gives orders and says how lovely everything is but doesn't get down to hard work," she said.

"Do you have an expression, green thumbs, in your country?"

"Wal, I haven't got green thumbs, and most things I plant just die."

"In spite of what my wife says, I am a good gardener," the General told me. "You should see my tulips and dogwood—they are in bloom right now. But I've never seen such lovely camellias as these in the garden here," he said, pointing to a tree covered with big dark pink blooms.

"I am a practical man," he added. "Look at these hands, Joe Louis would give a lot to have such massive mits as these."

He laughed as he waved his big, strong, brown hands about.

The General, who was walking up and down the sitting-room most of the time, suddenly turned to me, looking straight at me with those kindly blue eyes, and said:

"I try not to be the type of general who is a bundle of pomposity."

"I am a strict disciplinarian in my funny little way." He suddenly glared and added, "but I make folk feel at home with me. I find it is better..."

His eyes melted again into the friendly blue.

"I try to love my soldiers and make them feel at ease with me, too, but I've had a hard time loving the swaggering ones who are always wanting to raise hell when they are in towns and cities."



COLONIAL-STYLE HOME of General and Mrs. Robert L. Eichberger in North Carolina, U.S.A., holds many souvenirs which the General gathered in his long years of Army service in foreign lands.



WATCHING THE POLO. Warmly dressed as protection against the cold westerly wind, Mrs. Bill Bishop, of Scone (left), Mrs. Doug Munro, of Merriwa, and Mrs. John Minter, of Rose Bay, were spectators at the Australasian Gold Cup Tournament at Maitland.



HAPPY GROUP. Mrs. Neville Palmer, of Yaucluse (left), Mrs. Keith Watson, of Dunkeld, Victoria, Mrs. Mac Ashcroft, of Woollahra, Mr. Palmer, and Mr. Ashcroft enjoy a pre-lunch drink at the Imperial Hotel. Visitors travelled from South Australia, Queensland, Victoria, and many N.S.W. country districts to watch the tournament.

AUSTRALASIAN Gold Cup AT MAITLAND

THRILLING polo, gay parties, and a wonderful ball provided lots of excitement for hundreds of polo enthusiasts who attended the first Australasian Gold Cup Tournament held at Maitland for 13 years.

Finale to hard-fought matches between New South Wales, Victorian, and Queensland teams was the presentation of the cup on Sunday to the victorious Queensland No. 1 Team by faithful polo follower 90-year-old Mrs. Ellen Mackay, of "Cangong," Dungog.

After on-the-spot parties by winners and losers at the Rutherford ground, Queensland captain George

Bell and team members Merv Cook, Tim Doyle, and Ronnie Bell invited all along to the Belmore Hotel, Maitland, for further celebration.

THE strong belief by old hands that the weather man has a set on Maitland at polo time was confirmed again this year. Although the tournament opened in sunny weather, a wild westerly blew keenly across the Rutherford ground.

"It either blows or rains for the polo," one pessimist grumbled. It not only blew, but on the second day it rained. The rain came on so suddenly that it caught the water-cart on the job of sprinkling down the dust on the field.

Continuous heavy rain caused the cancellation of the cup final on Saturday. The final round was then played in fine weather on Sunday.

WELL to the fore in the ranks of polo players' wives who kept such faithful watch on the sidelines in all weathers were Pam Maple Brown and Joy Loneragan, whose husbands were playing for the first time for N.S.W. Whites. Jim and David replaced the Ashton brothers, Bob and Geoff, who are both recovering from injuries.

SIDELIGHTS from the sidelines . . . the fascinating mascot of a miniature polo player on his pony, perfect in every detail, on the bonnet of the Jim Maple Browns' car. . . the tiny penknife fob hanging from Mrs. Douglas Bray's leather belt . . . petite Mrs. Ken Hill sheltering from the rain under a giant-size umbrella.

ATTRACTING the envious eyes of all wearers of wide-brimmed hats was the extra-outsize model worn by Queensland No. 3 player, Jack Elder. The general opinion seemed to be that he would be lucky to get away from Maitland with it.

FRIDAY night's Polo Ball was unanimously voted the best ever as guests admired the transformation of the large Town Hall floor into a more intimate cabaret setting by judicious grouping of tables and chairs. The stage, decorated by the members of the ladies' committee of the Hunter Valley Polo Association, was massed with huge bowls of gladioli, and trimmed with yards of ribbons in the teams' colors, polo helmets, and good luck horseshoes of autumn berries.

AFTER four days of polo and parties most people left Maitland for home on Monday morning. Some of the carnival spirit still remained, however, and at midday the Laurie Morgans wound up the festivities with a champagne lunch party at the Imperial Hotel.

Anne



SHOOTING-STICK SEATS for Mrs. W. E. H. Pascoe, of Adelaide (left), and Mrs. Frank Bragg, who watch with Polo secretary Frank O'Donnell.



VICTORIANS Mrs. Jack Kelly, from Caranmut (left), and Mrs. Bill Weatherly, from Mortlake, watch the Gold Cup semi-final between N.S.W. Blacks and the Victorian team, in which their husbands play.



POLO BALL. Bridget Macintyre, of Muswellbrook (left), Malcolm Copp, of Maitland, Wendy Holroyd, of Maitland, and Mike Meredith, of Newcastle, enjoy a dance at the Polo Ball, held in the Maitland Town Hall. Bridget's lovely gown was of rainbow-shaded tulle. Wendy's was of white figured silk taffeta.

ANTHONY BEAUCHAMP CHOOSES HOLLYWOOD'S

Ten Most Beautiful Women



CONSTANCE SMITH: The colleen, the Irish peasant, whose beauty is earthy rather than fragile. Her raven hair and expressive eyes dominate heavy, handsome features.

London photographer Anthony Beauchamp, husband of Sarah Churchill, took these pictures of 10 women who, he claims, are the most beautiful in Hollywood. He gives his reasons in the captions.



JANICE RULE: The most beautiful actress now in pictures. At 19 she's the typical American girl, exciting and high-spirited, with a contrasting quality of serenity which sets her apart from most others.



JEAN SIMMONS (above): Youth and sophistication. Her warm, sensual beauty is enlivened by bright, intelligent eyes and a querulous expression which gives her a wistful appeal.

ARLENE DAHL (right): The delicate beauty of a china figurine. Her lovely features and her soft, rich coloring are crowned by a perfect frame of red hair. She is a fragile illusion which a touch would seemingly shatter to pieces.

GENE TIERNEY (left): Cleopatra might have looked like this. Her oriental beauty is an exotic mask for her forthright candor.





ELIZABETH TAYLOR: The sophisticated beauty every teenager hopes to see when she looks in the mirror.



GRETA GARBO: The world's most beautiful woman. She is the only woman I've ever known who combines sheer sensual beauty with true spiritual mysticism. Her face, like Helen of Troy's, inspires men. No woman lives who would not be glad to change her face for that of Garbo.



Mrs. DAVID NIVEN (above left): A typical Scandinavian beauty. Humor and intelligence give her a warm expression, a wonderful provocative look. She alone on my list is not in the world of movies.

AVA GARDNER (left): Aphrodite come to life. Lusty and sensual, her come-hither type of beauty and willowy figure appeal chiefly to men.

ETHEL BARRY-MORE (right): The Queen Mother of Hollywood's royal family. Her power, vitality, and charm are more conspicuous and arresting now than ever.



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1 CHINESE orphan Wei Lin (Danny Chang) is rescued from advancing forces by veteran Jeff Williams (Ronald Reagan), who is in China peddling surplus war goods.



2 MEETING a party of aged Chinese people under the care of American mission-school teacher Victoria Evans (Rhonda Fleming), Jeff accepts Victoria's invitation to join them when he learns that they are to be evacuated to Hong Kong by plane.

CHINA ADVENTURE . . .

A CHINESE gem-encrusted idol of the Yuen dynasty, part of a private collection, and valued at £175,000, is used as the pivot for action in Paramount's technicolor adventure "Hong Kong."

Two insurance company officials stood constant guard over the idol during shooting and saw it safely locked away in a vault each night.

Four-year-old Danny Chang, the Chinese youngster who makes his debut with Ronald Reagan and Rhonda Fleming in this Oriental adventure, is being publicised as Hollywood's new child sensation.



4 HOTEL space is found to be very scarce in Hong Kong, but Jeff and Victoria manage to get a suite by posing as an English couple who booked rooms but did not claim them.



3 DISCOVERY of a valuable gem-encrusted idol in Wei Lin's bundle causes opportunist Jeff to keep the boy in his care.



5 DEALER Tao Liang (Marvin Miller) covets the idol. Jeff decides to sell Wei Lin's sole heritage and escape that night with the money to the States, leaving Victoria and the lad in Hong Kong.



6 REALISATION that he loves Victoria makes Jeff turn back, and he is forgiven after telling her the truth. During the night Tao Liang, furious at not securing the idol, kidnaps Wei Lin, and tries to kill a man he mistakes for Jeff.



7 POLICE suspicion centres on Jeff until a message comes from Tao Liang offering to exchange the boy for the idol. The dealer eludes a police trap, and Jeff and Victoria decide to contact him on their own.



8 GUN duel between Jeff and Tao Liang later on disables the Chinese and sets off a string of events in which Wei Lin is liberated, the idol is recovered, and the boy, Jeff, and Victoria escape to safety together.



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Talking of Films

By M. J. McMAHON

★★ People Will Talk

THE enterprising team of Zanuck and Man-kiewicz court criticism with their uneasy comedy drama "People Will Talk," but the combination of bright dialogue, smooth acting, and high-grade production makes it a film that most people will enjoy.

A whispering campaign directed against a popular obstetrician-teacher by a jealous confrere in an American college of medicine provides the main story thread.

Cary Grant's unorthodox medico, Dr. Noah Praetorius, is accused by fussy professor Hume Cronyn of using mystic powers in his healing; Grant's mysterious, silent assistant, Shunderson (Finlay Currie), is also credited with supernatural powers.

Of course, the whole fabrication is explained away in

broad terms before a college board of inquiry.

An unconventional romance between Jeanne Crain's Deborah and Dr. Praetorius, as well as several other plot twists, holds attention. In Sydney—Century.

★★ The Enforcer

IF you have a taste for gruesome film entertainment, "The Enforcer" (Warners) is one for the book.

In it law-enforcement chief Humphrey Bogart and his men have the job of rounding up a crime syndicate which specialises in mass murder on a commercial basis.

Apparently based on fact, the screen play carries the ring of authenticity, and it is put over with a detachment that is convincing.

A surprise twist ends "The Enforcer" on a note of high tension. In Sydney—Plaza.

CITY FILM GUIDE

Films reviewed

CENTURY.—★★ "People Will Talk," modern comedy, starring Cary Grant, Jeanne Crain, Finlay Currie. (See review this page.) Plus featurettes.

EMBASSY.—★★ "Pandora and the Flying Dutchman," romantic fantasy in technicolor, starring James Mason, Ava Gardner, Nigel Patrick. Plus featurettes.

ESQUIRE.—★★ "Breakthrough," wartime drama, starring David Brian, John Agar, Frank Lovejoy. Plus "Last of the Wild Horses," Western, starring James Ellison, Mary Beth Hughes.

LIBERTY.—★★★ "An American in Paris" technicolor musical, starring Gene Kelly, Leslie Caron, Oscar Levant. Plus special featurettes.

LYRIC.—★ "Outpost in Morocco," adventure, starring George Raft, Marie Winsor. Plus "Africa Screams," comedy, starring Abbott and Costello. (Both releases.)

MAYFAIR.—★ "Double Dynamite," romantic comedy, starring Jane Russell, Frank Sinatra, Groucho Marx. Plus "Circle of Danger," drama, starring Ray Milland, Patricia Roc.

PARK.—★★ "Best of the Badmen," technicolor Western, starring Robert Ryan, Claire Trevor. Plus "Jungle Headhunters," semi-documentary in technicolor.

PLAZA.—★★ "The Enforcer," crime melodrama, starring Humphrey Bogart. (See review this page.) Plus "Cuban Fireball," romantic comedy, starring Estelita Rodriguez.

REGENT.—★★ "Sons of the Musketeers," technicolor period adventure, starring Cornel Wilde, Maureen O'Hara. Plus "The Sea Hornet," adventure, starring Adele Mara, Rod Cameron.

SAVOY.—★★ "La Ronde," sophisticated French comedy, starring Danielle Darrieux, Anton Walbrook. Plus featurettes.

STATE.—★★ "The Lavender Hill Mob," comedy, starring Alec Guinness, Stanley Holloway, Audrey Hepburn. Plus featurettes.

VARIETY.—★★ "Pimpernel Smith," adventure, starring Leslie Howard, Mary Morris, Francis Sullivan. Plus "Niagara Falls," comedy, starring Zazu Pitts, Slim Summerville.

VICTORY.—"Son of Dr. Jekyll," thriller, starring Louis Hayward, Jody Lawrence. Plus "Pick-Up," starring Hugo Haas, Beverly Michaels.

Films not yet reviewed

CAPITOL.—"Five," mystery drama, starring William Phipps, Susan Douglas. Plus "Blazing Across the Pecos," Western, starring Charles Starrett.

CIVIC.—"Tarzan's Savage Fury," adventure, starring Lex Barker, Dorothy Hart. Plus "Riders From Tucson," a Tim Holt Western.

LYCEUM.—"Sirocco," mystery drama, starring Humphrey Bogart, Marta Toren, Lee J. Cobb. Plus "Snugglers' Gold," sea adventure, starring Cameron Mitchell, Amanda Blake.

PALACE.—"The Well," social drama, starring Richard Rober, Barry Kelly, Christine Larson. Plus "St. Benny the Dip," comedy, starring Dick Haymes, Nina Foch.

PRINCE EDWARD.—"Rendezvous," romantic, comedy, starring Joan Fontaine, John Lund, Mona Freeman. Plus "Horse Feathers," comedy, starring Marx Bros.

ST. JAMES.—"Westward the Women," Western drama, starring Robert Taylor, Denise Darcel. Plus featurettes.

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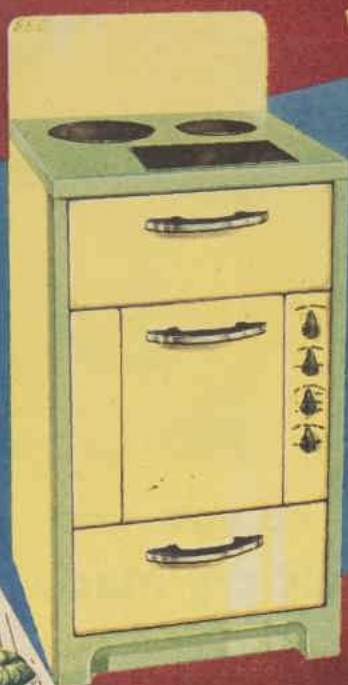
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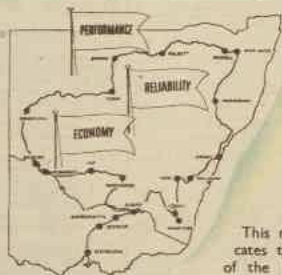


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THE AUSTRALIAN MONTHLY

brings you the inside story of the greatest unsolved mystery of our times



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The full story of this fiendish crime is presented to Australian readers for the first time in the May issue of A.M., on sale now.

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A COMPLETE transformation had taken place in the kitchen. The floor was scrubbed, the range had a gleaming blackness. There was a cloth spread on the table—a tattered cloth, but clean and white. On the stove were plates and dishes, and from the dishes issued a savory smell that made hungry mouths water.

Mrs. Belchamber still wore the stiff black hat and grey curls. Over her suit was a stiff white overall. She addressed the company impartially.

"Lunch, while I am cooking it, will be served at one o'clock. It is now a quarter to two. Will you two boys kindly go outside and remove your unspeakable shoes?"

Robert and Paul went. "You, too," said Mrs. Belchamber, to a point above Scotty's head.

Scotty followed the boys.

The meal was cheerful, despite Mrs. Belchamber's grim presence. Robert and Paul gave an account of their morning's activities. Scotty ate voraciously, pausing only to compliment Mrs. Belchamber on the excellence of her cooking.

Lunch over, the company dispersed. Scotty bestrided a bicycle which had wheels but no tyres, and went up to a distant field. It was decided, after a short conference, that Robert and Paul might be allowed to visit Josette whenever they wished to.

"They've been with her all this time, and there's no point in keeping them away now," Mrs. Belchamber decided. "If they're going to get it, let them all get it together and be done with it."

The boys crept quietly upstairs, and Christopher faced Mrs. Belchamber, his dislike of her no less from having to acknowledge his debt to her.

"You've been very kind," he said. "But you couldn't be expected to . . . as a matter of fact, we've got hold of a—well, a sort of nurse, who can come every afternoon and evening to give a hand."

"What do you call a sort of nurse?" inquired Mrs. Belchamber.

"Well—she trained, in a way," Christopher told her. "She's a friend of Scotty's. I'm going along to fetch her now."

"Ah!" With this monosyllable, uttered with great reserve, ringing in his ears, Christopher set off happily for Greensleeves.

The door, this time, was open when he approached, and it seemed to breathe a welcome.

The next instant, a man appeared at the door. He was tall and handsome, with a rather long, clean-shaven face and close-clipped, greying hair.

They looked at each other for a moment, and then Christopher began, "I'm afraid I—"

The man stopped him with an upraised hand and a whimsical smile. "I know," he said. "You're looking for my daughter."

"Yes, I'm—You must be Major Gray."

"I'm Cressida's father. She tells me she's going to help nurse a case of measles at the farm."

"Yes. I hope you won't mind," Christopher was trying, as he spoke, to account for Major Gray's presence. Scotty had said that nobody lived here but a caretaker and a gardener.

"I came down from town about an hour ago," the pleasant voice broke into his thoughts. "I don't know where Cressida's got to—won't you come in and wait for her?"

"I'd like to very much," said Christopher. "I've been pretty keen to get in ever since I saw the house for the first time this morning. Houses are my job."

"Yes. Heron and Mayes. I'm the Heron."

They went round the house, Major Gray proving an interesting and instructive guide. The

The Spell

Continued from page 4

interior, Christopher saw, was as well preserved as the outside. Every room was furnished, even to silver and ornaments and, here and there, great vases of flowers.

Christopher, eager, absorbed, followed his host down to the beautiful hall at the end of the inspection, and drew a deep breath.

"Thanks," he said. "It was very good of you."

"Not at all," was the answer.

"It's a pleasure. I come down frequently in the summer and sometimes people come and I show them round. That's why I'm down to-day, as a matter of fact—I'm expecting a man and his wife at three o'clock. Swedish. This fellow's coming to look at that arquebus—or harquebus, if you prefer it."

Major Gray pointed to a gun on one of the walls. "I was telling him about it and he asked if he could look at it. He's got one—fifteen-thirty, he says it is—and he thinks this'll make the pair. Take it down if you want to. It's an interesting piece."

Christopher took the gun down carefully. Major Gray stood at his shoulder, running a finger along the barrel.

"See that serpent-shaped piece of iron? That held the burning match. You press the trigger—so—and the match comes to the flashpan and ignites the charge in the barrel—there, through the touchhole. They were used in Henry the Eighth's time—but not, of course, this one."

He took the gun and put it back in its place.

"Why not this one?" inquired Christopher.

Major Gray looked at him with an expression at once surprised and quizzical. "Why? Because it isn't genuine. This man insists that it is, and nothing I can say will convince him that he's wrong."

"But . . . I can't pretend to be an expert," said Christopher hesitatingly, "but I know something about old firearms. If that isn't genuine, sir, it's an astonishingly good fake."

"Of course it is. If I were a

dealer," said Major Gray. "I'd have no trouble in calling that a genuine article and asking a pretty stiff price—but I'm not a dealer. If this fellow that's coming to-day wants it, he can have it—but not if he insists that it's genuine."

"But if it isn't—I mean, if he decides that it isn't genuine," said Christopher hesitatingly, "will he buy it?"

"I shouldn't think so," said Major Gray. "Why do you ask?"

"Because"—Christopher turned and looked up at the gun—"if he doesn't want it, and you'd sell it, I'd like to buy it."

"You? But why?"

"I'm like the Swede—I've got a piece it would go with very well. How much?" he hesitated—"how much would you let it go for?"

"I didn't want to let it go at all," said Major Gray frankly, "but if you really want it, you can have it for what I gave for it."

He named the price, and the two men stood for a moment, smiling at each other. Christopher felt a warm surge of liking for the man facing him.

"It's a deal," he said, then he turned swiftly at the sound of a car outside.

The major followed his gaze and smiled. "Yes, there's Cressida," he said. "Will you go and meet her?"

Christopher needed no second invitation. He saw Cressida and went to intercept her.

"I've been with your father," he said. "Where were you?"

"I went into Grenton—there were some things to get."

He fell into step beside her and they turned in the direction of the farm.

"Do you realise," he said, "that when I left you this morning I didn't even know your name? I didn't know anything about you, except that when we get back to town we'll be practically neighbors. Let's have dinner together the night we get back."

Please turn to page 37

As I read the Stars

By EVE HILLIARD

ARIES (March 21-April 20): A minor revolution could put you on the top of the poll on May 4. Defer action and ask no favors on May 9.

TAURUS (April 21-May 20): Taurus is really going to town on May 3. You simply can't go wrong whatever you plan to do, so don't be disappointed if the pace slackens by April 8.

GEMINI (May 21-June 21): New factors on which you hadn't reckoned may mean an abrupt about-face in attitude on May 6. Play safe until after May 7, gaining time to adjust yourself.

CANCER (June 22-July 22): When dragged out of your shell on May 4, swim with the tide and enjoy happy hours to the full. May 9 is likely to make heavy demands on you.

LEO (July 23-August 22): Lions may be frisky on May 4 and 5. They may surprise friends and associates by swift action adding to prestige. Better take it easy on May 9.

VIRGO (August 23-September 23): News on May 6 could make Virgo hearts beat faster. Things are coming your way, so don't let any hold-up on May 8 worry you unduly.

LIBRA (September 24-October 23): May 3 smiles on home interests, social activity, and the affections. On May 5 you may do an act of kindness which will bear fruit later.

SCORPIO (October 24-November 22): Recreation and a new point of view are promised for May 4. Avoid getting up steam and exploding on April 9. You'll hurt yourself.

SAGITTARIUS (November 23-December 20): Subjects of The Archer will get a boost to their morale on May 3. Should May 8 be troublesome, results aren't permanent.

CAPRICORN (December 21-January 19): Capricornians who speculate in love or money on May 6 will resemble the Goat, which is their symbol. May 9 offers a new deal.

AQUARIUS (January 20-February 19): If a pretty bubble bursts on May 4, it may act as a spur to set fresh plans in motion. May 9 fine.

PISCES (February 20-March 20): An amazing amount of work could be accomplished on May 5, leaving the decks clear for action. May 7 will need attention.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatever for the statements contained in it.]

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The Spell

Continued from page 36

FOR a moment
Cressida seemed to hesitate,
then she said practically, "I'll
be back in a fortnight or three
weeks. You'll be here in-
definitely."

"Why indefinitely?"
"Because one of the boys will
wait until the very last day
of the quarantine, and then go
down with measles, and the
other boy'll wait until the very
last day, too, and then get them.
Then Scotty'll get them, and
then you."

"Well, I planned to be home
by the end of the month," said
Christopher. "It's hard on you,"
he added thoughtfully, "leaving
a house like Greensleeves to go
back to London."

"Why hard?"
"Good heavens, wouldn't you
give your car to live there?"
"No," said Cressida quietly.
"I wouldn't even give one car."

"Why don't you like Green-
sleeves?"
She gave him a little sidelong
glance. "I didn't say I didn't
like it. I think it's beautiful.
I just said I didn't want to live
in it."

His curiosity was piqued; he
could sense strong feeling behind
the quiet words, but she ob-
viously did not wish to pur-
sue the subject, and he was
content, for the moment, to
talk of other things.

"I didn't quite explain about
Mrs. Belchamber," he said.
"She's the old lady who
for some reason has attached
herself to my suite. I ought to
be grateful to her, but she's got
a grating voice, and a hard face
and one of those sharp, inter-
fering noses. I think she's got
some idea that I've abducted
the children. They're nice chil-
dren," he added. "You'll like
them."

He helped her over gates,
kept her close to the hedge when
passing the bull, and found
Scotty looking out for them.

"Cress, darling, you do my
eyes good," he said. "You go
on in, Chris, old son, and Cress
can stay out here with me."

"I've come to make myself
useful," Cressida said lightly,
and walked away inside.

"She's always doing things
like that," said Scotty gloomily.
"You look forward to her com-
pany and then find you haven't
got it. That old lady of
yours, Chris, doesn't like me."

Scotty was feeling a little
resentful. He had gone into the
kitchen for something he had
forgotten, and Mrs. Belchamber,
waylaid him, had given him a
pithy account of himself.

She had used expressions
which he had never before heard
applied by a lady to a gentle-
man, and his ears were ringing
with adjectives, the more com-
plimentary of which were:
"slovenly," "unkempt," "out-
at-elbows," "unself-respecting,"
"clodlike" and "animal."

"And you know what," he
said to Christopher, at the end

of a recital of his humiliation.
"She's ordered hot baths all
round. How can you provide
hot baths in a place that hasn't
a hot bathroom? Monday, you
and the boys; Tuesday, her
first and then me; Wednesday,
you and the boys; Thursday, her
first and then me; Friday, you
and the boys, and Saturday—
what d'you think? Me again!
Three baths a week!"

"How do you manage when
you're by yourself?" asked
Christopher.

"Me? Well, I manage, that's
all. Every so often I yank the
tin tub into the kitchen and give
myself a rubdown. Incident-
ally, could you find time to tell
her that my name isn't Scott?"

"Here she comes," said Chris.
"Tell her yourself."

Mrs. Belchamber had opened
the kitchen door and was
addressing Christopher. "We'd
like you to come in and help
us move some furniture round."

"Delighted," said Chris-
topher, forgetting everything
else in the thought that he was
going in to join Cressida.

After Mrs. Belchamber had
interviewed Cressida and ac-
knowledgeed, grudgingly, that
she might be useful, the house-
hold fell into a routine which
became daily more settled. The
doctor, calling each morning,
pronounced the case of measles
to be mild.

Mrs. Belchamber issued orders
and everybody obeyed them: the
children with a lighthearted air
which proved that they stood in
no awe of her, Cressida with
quiet amusement, and the others
—Christopher, Scotty, and Mrs.
Garcia—with varying degrees of
unwillingness.

The sickroom was darkened
to protect Josette's eyes; as her
condition improved, Mrs. Bel-
chamber decided to read aloud
to her now and then.

The choice of literature was not ex-
tensive, for besides innumera-
ble copies of the Farmer and
Stockbreeder, Scotty's library
appeared to consist of three
books only.

These were Ruskin's *Ethics
of the Dust*; an out-of-date guide
to Paris entitled *On Foot
Through France, Part 3: The
Capital*; and a small volume
of commercial correspondence
with the title *Businessman's
French*.

"They're not exactly chil-
dren's literature, are they?"
asked Christopher.
"I'm not looking for chil-
dren's literature," declared
Mrs. Belchamber. "I don't want
any of your Piggy-wiggy or
Henny-wenny, thank you. If
you're going to read children
that kind of thing, all they'll do
is stay awake and listen. I'm
looking for something that'll
send a child to sleep."

She sat down beside the bed
and opened the guide book, de-
claring, "This is dull enough to
send any child to sleep."

Please turn to page 39

FOR THE CHILDREN

Wuff, Snuff & Tuff

by TIM



A sensible suggestion

Recently I called on the manager of our local
branch of the Bank of New South Wales, and
arranged to open my own account. My husband
thought it would be a good idea if I were able
to pay the doctor, the dentist, the butcher and
the baker, and all other household bills without
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CHILLS v. THRILLS



Frank Burns, watchman-guard, of Metropolitan Night
Patrol Service, Melbourne, knows every door and window,
lock and burglar alarm on his beat. "Still," admits Frank,
"the job holds more chills than thrills. Most nights are
cold and lonely, and it's then that a hot, bracing cup of
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LISTENING to Mrs. Belchamber's harsh, rasping voice, Cressida would watch Scotty's eyes fixed on the ceiling: from round-eyed fascination they would change to an absent stare and soon the lids would droop and the patient fall into a sound sleep.

"It's odd," she told Christopher, walking homeward across the fields. "She's a dreadful person, in many ways, but she does get things done. She pushes everybody around, but never on unessential jobs. She's got a hawk's eye for anything that needs fixing."

"You don't like her?" asked Christopher, incredulous.

"No. I don't see how anybody could like her, but I like certain things about her. She's shrewd and clear-sighted, and she's never afraid to say just what she thinks."

They walked a little way in silence, and now and then Christopher turned his head and looked at the girl beside him. She was friendly; she was even, in a sense, responsive—but behind her quiet, easy manner was something he could not fathom—a touch of reserve, a hint of distance.

"Christopher—"

He looked down at her, a little unsteady at hearing his name on her lips. "Well?"

"I want to talk to you about Scotty. You're his friend—the first of his friends I've ever met—and I'm worried about him."

"Why? He hasn't got three nephews on his hands, one of them sick."

"Didn't he, at one time," asked Cressida, "have quite a lot of money?"

"Well—yes. His father left him a packet. What he's done with it—specifically—I can't tell you."

"Couldn't you look into things for him while you're here?" pleaded Cressida. "I feel, in a way, responsible. You see, he bought—my father said him the farm, and I'd feel better if—if it paid better."

"Scotty couldn't make anything pay," said Christopher. "You mustn't lose any sleep about his affairs. What he needs is a good, steady wife. Not a girl like you—you wouldn't suit him at all—but a strong, sturdy girl with a good head and strong muscles. Can't we find him one?"

"Perhaps you can," said Cressida. "But I lead rather a busy life."

Scotty was still at work when Christopher got back to the farm, and after a few minutes' talk he asked a question that had puzzled him.

"How often does Cressida's father come down?"

"The handsome major? Oh, in the summer, quite frequently. He invites people down and then gets here in time to stand in the picturesque doorway exuding the well-known charm."

The Spell

Continued from page 37

The words jarred on Christopher, and he found himself speaking abruptly: "I like him."

Scotty stopped in his tracks. "But you haven't seen him!"

"Yes, I have. I met him when I went up the second time to fetch Cressida. He showed me round. It's a lovely place, and he made it pretty interesting. He's got some good stuff there."

"Ah," said Scotty again. "You think so?"

"I saw some of it. I bought a gun from him."

Once more Scotty came to a dead halt and, turning, stared at Christopher. "You—you bought a gun from him?"

Christopher frowned. "Well—yes. Anything wrong with that? A bit quick, I admit, but we made a deal."

"You made a deal," repeated Scotty. He threw back his head suddenly and gave a shout of laughter.

Anger, slow but hot, rose in Christopher. "Shut up," he said.

Scotty checked a burst of laughter. "I said something?" he asked.

"Yes. No—you didn't. To tell you the truth, I enjoyed going around that house more than I can tell you, Scotty. And I liked Major Gray. He didn't try to sell me anything—I saw the gun and asked if I could buy it. He went out of his way to tell me it wasn't worth much—at least, that it wasn't genuine."

He paused. "If you want to tell me anything about him, go ahead and I'll listen. But don't laugh before you let me in on the joke."

"I slipped up," Scotty acknowledged soberly. "I forgot that it's four years since I bought something from him, and I forgot that he had the same effect on me, when I first saw him, as he had on you."

"Why don't you like him?"

"I didn't say I didn't like him. I was laughing because—well, in four years, if someone tells you they've made a deal with Major Gray, you'll laugh."

"All right, I'll laugh. Why?"

"Because that's how he lives—by making deals. Major Gray makes a nice, comfortable living by doing just what he did when you met him. He gets you into his house, shows you all his treasures—all the heirlooms—and sometimes he takes a lot of persuading to let you buy something that's taken your fancy."

"He lives in his club in town, and keeps his eyes open for the rather special kind of tourist he needs for his purposes. They have to have money. They have to be connoisseurs and collectors. He doesn't invite them down. He talks, quietly and with a whimsical regret, about Greensleaves."

Scotty smiled mirthlessly.

"Can they, they ask hesitatingly, by any chance—"

Well, yes, they can. Oddly enough, he's going down the next day to see the caretaker. If they care to drive down, he'd be delighted to show them over the house. They come, and make a deal."

He paused, then concluded, "I bought this place from him. I had a bit of a job finding the money and went to my trustees. One of them went to a lot of trouble to find out something about Gray. He found out where he has a lot of his fakes made. None of it criminal, of course. You can't be had up for selling copies as copies."

There was a long pause, then Christopher asked, "What does Cressida think of it?"

"Cress? Well, it took her a bit of time to see what he was up to. She was in Switzerland when he inherited the place—she was brought up in a school in Lausanne because her mother died when she was eight. She thought—when she heard about Greensleaves—that she'd have a home at last, but there was no money—only the house and its contents."

"She tried nursing, but went at it too hard and it knocked her over. She had a hard time for a while, and then she was offered one or two modelling jobs, and she hasn't looked back since."

He added, "That gun you bought—you'll see another, and then another, exactly the same, hanging on that wall next time you go. He'll know you've seen it, and he won't mind. Well, that's the Major. I hope you won't like your gun any less."

"I thought," said Christopher, "that he was a—particularly nice fellow."

"Who wouldn't?" asked Scotty. "After all, he's a confidence man, and who ever made a success of the job unless he could inspire confidence?"

He turned in the direction of home. "I've lowered your spirits," he said. "I might have kept my mouth shut, but if you're in love with Cressida you'd better know. You are in love with Cressida?"

"Yes," said Christopher. "I am."

Cressida Gray had spent a good deal of time during the past four years wishing that her upbringing had been designed to equip her more fully for the harshness of modern living.

When Major Gray learned that Greensleaves had been left to him, he had sent for his daughter, asking her to bring with her Emile and Zoute, an old couple who had worked in her mother's house near Lausanne. When the three arrived, Emile and Zoute took over their duties as gardener and caretaker, but for Cressida there followed a long and painful period of adjustment.

During the months of struggle and loneliness she found one friend—Scotty Linden. It was Scotty who, unable to manage his own affairs, showed a cool clear-headedness when advising her about her own. And it was Scotty who supported her in the difficult days when her first love affair came to grief.

It was an ill-starred affair, and Cressida, looking back upon it, knew that she had handled it badly. She had no regrets, however, about her decision in the matter, only deep gratitude towards Scotty for his staunch adherence at a time when everybody else blamed her bitterly.

She had a deep affection for Scotty; about her feeling for Christopher she preferred, at present, not to think.

To be concluded

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—May 7, 1953

TEENAGERS NEED A ROOM OF THEIR OWN

Pretty for girls, plain for boys

By JOAN MARTIN

It is not until they reach their teens that most boys and girls really appreciate having a room of their own.

BY then their tastes and character will have developed sufficiently for you to be able to plan a room in which they will be happy and at home.

Boys usually prefer their room furnished in the modern manner—the style best suited to their needs.

This type of furniture can be bought in units which combine perfectly to produce a tailored and built-in look.

Bed, wardrobe, chest of drawers, and such extras as bookshelves, desk, and tables are designed to use separately or together.

It is a good idea to begin with essentials, adding to them as circumstances permit.

The ideal room for a boy contains a comfortable bed, good reading light, bookshelves, desk, easy chair, and small chair or camp stool for use at the desk.

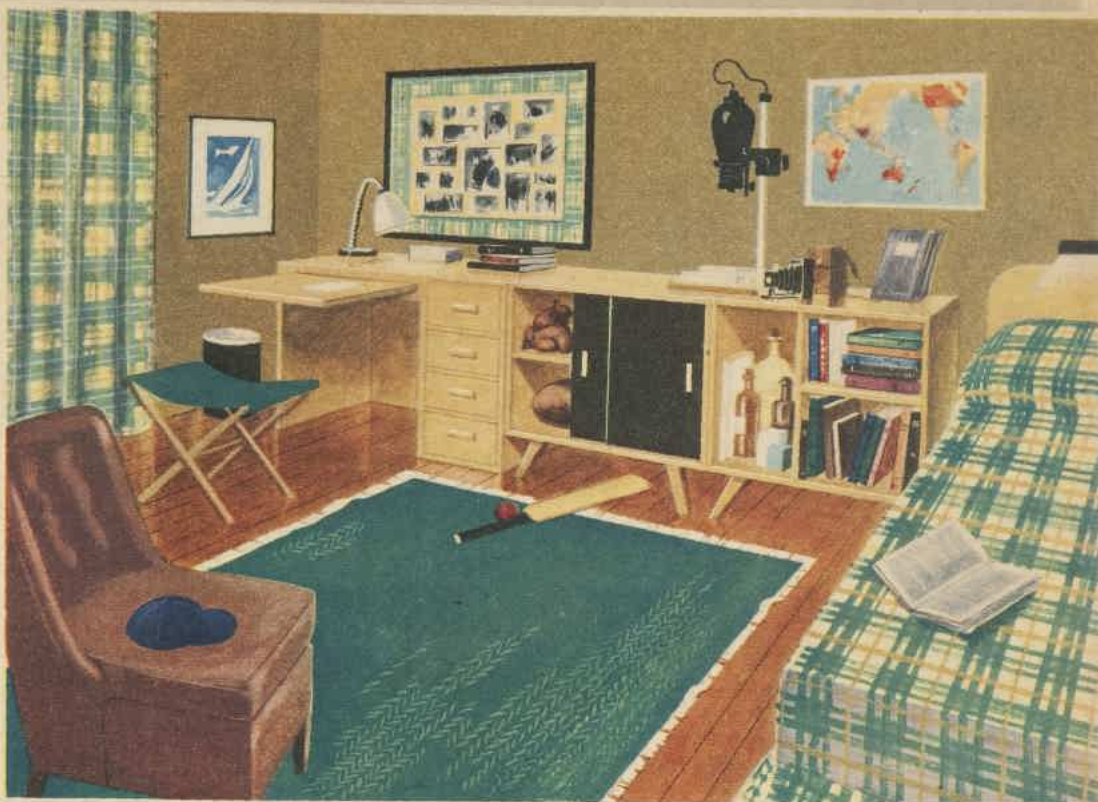
The walls should have washable paint, and if the room is to be a bedroom-cum-study it is wise to keep the floor covering as inexpensive as possible.

Most teenage boys are keenly interested in hobbies—quite often messy ones—such as collecting specimens of some sort, carpentry, or making scientific experiments.

They will appreciate a room in which they feel free to make a certain amount of mess without incurring parental wrath.

A bright linoleum is practical and lends color to the room.

You may prefer to have the floor sanded



and use a rug. Green cricket matting, edged with white fringe, can be used instead of the more expensive rugs.

It looks most effective and provides a perfect foundation for any color scheme.

Tartans, checks, and stripes are attractive for curtains and bedcovers.

Don't overlook the value of gingham when deciding which material to use. It is much tougher than it looks, washes well, and is comparatively cheap.

Whatever material you choose, be sure that it launders. Most of us are guilty of flopping on the bed while the cover is on, and boys certainly will.

Leatherette is excellent for the chair covering.

It may be more expensive than some other fabrics, but will last indefinitely and lends a truly masculine air to the room. A small piece of the same material could be used for the camp stool.

Modern furniture of the type I suggest looks especially attractive against a background of strong color. Walls painted dark green, terra-cotta, or mustard-yellow would be effective.

It is not a bad idea to gather the numerous photographs your son is sure to have collected and frame them en masse.

Buy a large plain wooden picture frame and paint it. The color you paint the frame is a matter of taste, and will naturally match the room. You can give it added originality by covering a mount with a piece of the same material you have used for the bedcover.

A similar room would no doubt serve as a girl's room, but a more feminine one would delight her and encourage a love of pretty things.

A girl may like to have her furniture painted an attractive color, or you may prefer to start her off with one or two pieces of mahogany or cedar, adding to them from time to time.

Instead of the tailored look, let her room be feminine with frills and flounces.

In this bedroom, wallpaper would look especially charming. Either a pretty floral or a sophisticated stripe would be a perfect start for your decorative scheme.

If you use a floral paper, have your curtains

BEDROOM FOR A BOY. The color scheme is bright and cheerful, but none of the furnishings is so expensive that it couldn't stand wear. There is ample space for a boy to indulge his hobbies in this room. Good lighting is important in a young person's room.

and cover plain, though you could add a striped chair and bed flounces.

If you prefer plain, painted walls, your curtains could be floral, striped, or spotted material.

Most important to a young girl is a dressing-table where she can sit in comfort to try out the latest hair-dos or make her first experiment with make-up.

The skirted table is always popular and easy to make, but the small sketches on this page will give you alternative ideas.

One started life as a sewing-machine stand, but now, painted white and with mirrors

added, makes a most graceful and feminine vanity table.

The other is merely a shelf with a little frilled cover that matches the wall mirror—an idea which is most inexpensive but very charming.

A heart-shaped pin-cushion on which to pin costume jewellery or club badges is also attractive.

Don't forget to have a wastepaper basket somewhere in the room to collect the numerous scraps that otherwise find their way behind heavy furniture or into drawers, inevitably cluttered at the best of times!



CHARMING dressing-table which began life as a sewing-machine stand. Painted white or a pastel with contrasting trim, it would be ideal for a girl's room.



ANOTHER IDEA for a girl's dressing-table. This is merely a shelf with a frilled cover that matches the wall mirror. The frills could be detached for washing.



FOR THE GIRL who likes soft and feminine surroundings. If the wallpaper is patterned, it is better to have plain covers, although a striped flounce is permissible. If the walls are plain, bedcovers can be striped, spotted, or in a floral design.

Here's News...

Lullaby IS BACK AGAIN!

Ask at your favourite store



Yes, for the first time in years, mothers can count on getting the supplies of Lullaby flannelette they need. Once again their kiddies will enjoy the wonderful warm cosiness that only Lullaby can give. Lovely Lullaby with its designs as gay as gaiety itself... cosy Lullaby to nestle fairy-soft against chubby limbs... wonder-wearing Lullaby that washes and washes, yet stays soft, fresh and lovely to look at. Lullaby for everyone... tots, teenagers and grown-ups with the love of really cosy comfort. Ask for Lullaby today!

POTTERS
Lullaby

THE FINEST YET IN FLANNELETTE



TAILORED cardigan in smooth stocking-stitch is flattering to a larger figure. Directions are given below for a 38, 40, and 42in. bust.

TRIM CARDIGAN

Buttoned to the neck and with a tie neckline, this tailored-style cardigan will be a winter favorite with the not-so-slim.

MATERIALS: 11 skeins "Twin Prufe" Mothproof and Shrinkproof 3-ply fingering wool, shade No. 922, oatmeal (this is the only wool which should be used); 2 prs. needles, Nos. 10 and 12; 7 buttons.

Measurements: Length from top of shoulder, 24in.; bust, 38-40in.; length of sleeve seam, 19in.

Note: For 42in. bust, use No. 9 instead of No. 10 needles.

Abbreviations: K knit, p purr, st. stitch, tog. together.

Tension: 7 sts., 1in; 9 rows, 1in.

BACK

Using No. 12 needles, cast on 120 sts. Work in rib of k 1, p 1 for 34in. (working 1st row into back of sts.). Change to No. 10 needles and work in st-st., inc. 1 st. each end of every 6th row until inc. to 140 sts. When work measures 13in., shape armholes by casting off 6 sts. at the beg. of the next 2 rows. K 2 tog. each end of the next 6 rows, then every 2nd row 6 times.

When armholes measure 8in., shape shoulders by casting off 12 sts. at the beg. of the next 6 rows. Cast off.

LEFT FRONT

Using No. 12 needles, cast on 78 sts.

1st Row: (K 1, p 1) 32 times, k 14.

2nd Row: P 14, (k 1, p 1) 32 times.

Repeat last 2 rows for 34in. (working 1st row into back of sts.). Change to No. 10 needles and work across all sts. in st-st., inc. 1st. at side seam edge every 6th row until increased to 88 sts. When work measures 13in., cast off 6 sts. at armhole edge of the next row. K 2 tog. at armhole edge of the next 6 rows, then every 2nd row 6 times. When armhole measures 64in., cast off 22 sts. at neck edge of the next row. K 2 tog. at neck edge every row until dec. to 36 sts. When armhole measures 8in., shape shoulder by casting off 12 sts. at armhole edge every 2nd row 3 times.

RIGHT FRONT

Work to correspond with left front, working each row from the end to the beginning and making buttonholes as follows, 1st one being 4in. from lower edge and 6 more 24in. apart.

BUTTONHOLES

1st Row: K 1, cast off 3 sts., k 6, cast off 3 sts., work to end.

2nd Row: Work to last 7 sts., cast on 3 sts., p 6, cast on 3 sts., p 1.

SLEEVES

Using No. 12 needles, cast on 66 sts. Work in rib of k 1, p 1 for 3in. (working 1st row into back of sts.). Change to No. 10 needles and work in st-st., inc. 1 st. each end of every 8th row until inc. to 96 sts. When sleeve seam measures 19in. or required length, k 2 tog. each end of every 2nd row until dec. to 60 sts., then every row until dec. to 30 sts. Cast off.

TIE

Using No. 12 needles, cast on 8 sts. Work in rib of k 1, p 1 for 44in. Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

Press with a warm iron and damp cloth. Sew up seams, sew in sleeves. Stitch back facing down each front, stitching buttonholes tog. on right front. Stitch tie around neck to within 1in. of each centre front and tie in bow. Sew buttons on left front.

Prevention of colds

SUDDEN changes of weather during the in-between seasons usually produce a crop of colds.

The common cold can often cause serious trouble if neglected, especially with infants and young children.

A leaflet telling how to build up resistance to colds and giving hints for the simple treatment of babies' colds can be obtained from The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney. Please enclose a stamped, addressed envelope.

MORE SPACE

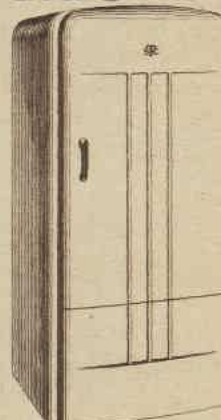
FOR FOOD

Open the door of the S.T.C. and see how different it is inside. Instead of a box-like ice-cube compartment, there is a full width shelf that is more convenient to use... gives more room for ice cubes and frozen foods. And because this Freez'r shelf does not jut down into the refrigerator, it leaves more clear space for other foods... permits better air circulation... makes cleaning easier.



MORE SPACE

IN YOUR KITCHEN



Then note the attractive, compact cabinet. S.T.C. designed this refrigerator to give ample freezing space and yet take up a minimum of floor and wall space. It's just right for the smaller kitchens of today. Remember, too this refrigerator has the famous S.T.C. sealed unit that is guaranteed for five years. The S.T.C. Refrigerator is available in white, cream and green at all leading electrical retailers. Ask to see it today.*

F6-102-2



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* Cadyl is a fragrant blend of 5 rare beauty oils, exclusive to Rexona Soap. Rexona's silky-fine lather carries Cadyl deep into the pores where most blemishes start.

XT13, WW 82g

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when you drop a Disprin tablet into water. It does not merely disintegrate, it dissolves—Note that: IT DISSOLVES.



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And being far less acid, it is unlikely to cause discomfort of any kind.

The best way to take Disprin is in water, though its soothing, pain-relieving effect will be the same whichever way you take it. Disprin is recommended for all those conditions in which ordinary aspirin would have been taken.

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TO RELIEVE PAIN

Obtainable only from chemists

Hat, bag to match



IN COLORED TARTAN, this matching hat and shoulder-bag are cheerful accessories for winter outfits. Directions and patterns for making are given on this page.

THIS matching hat and bag are colorful accessories to enliven grey winter days.

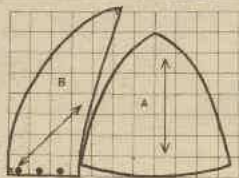
Materials: 1/2 yd. 5 1/2 in. wide wool plaid; 1/2 yd. 36 in. wide taffeta for lining; 1/2 yd. sailcloth or heavy canvas; 1 1/2 yds. cord for draw-strings; 1/2 yd. ribbon for trimming hat; remnants of stiff muslin and buckram for interlinings.

Patterns: From diagrams A and B, in which each square equals an inch, draw full-size patterns on paper for the hat. The solid spots in the diagram mark the edge to be laid on the fold of fabric, and the arrows mark the straight of the fabric.

Cutting Directions (1/2 in. seams are allowed): From pattern A cut 12 pieces for the cap section (4 of plaid, 4 of stiff muslin for interlining, and 4 of lining). From pattern B cut 3 pieces for the brim (2 of plaid and 1 of buckram).

For the bag, cut 2 pieces (1 of sailcloth and 1 of plaid), each 13 1/2 in. by 27 1/2 in.; 3 circles (1 of plaid, 1 of buckram, 1 of lining), each 8 1/2 in. in diameter, for the base of bag; 2 pieces, 4 in. by 36 in. (1 of plaid, 1 of sailcloth) for the bag handle; and cut 1 piece for lining, 9 1/2 in. by 27 1/2 in., in lining fabric.

To make: Baste the interlining pieces for the cap and bag to corresponding sections of main fabric on the wrong side.



Machine cap sections together, and press seams open. On the right side, machine 1/2 in. on each side of the seam lines.

Join the plain brim sections, right sides together and stitch along outer edge (X and Y in diagram). Turn brim right side out and press.

Place centre of brim to centre of a cap section, and, with raw edges even, stitch. Turn brim down, turn in raw cap edge in line with seam. Baste and press.

Join the four lining sections for the cap in the same way, turn in raw edges 1/2 in., press, and slip-stitch lining into cap. Trim hat with a flat bow at centre front.

Fold the bag fabric in half lengthwise, right sides together, stitch and turn. Turn in 2 1/2 in. on top raw edge. Stitch base to bag, right sides together.

Fold handle in half lengthwise, right sides together, and stitch. Turn right side out and press. Machine both sides of long edges, then stitch to bag.

Make bag lining from the lining fabric in the same way. Turn in top raw edges of lining, baste and press, and fit and stitch into bag. Spacing evenly, measure and mark eight 1 1/2 in. buttonholes lengthwise around top of bag, finish as worked buttonholes and pull cord through slits.

Knot ends of cord, pull up and adjust bag, tie ends.

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Name of leaflet (one only)

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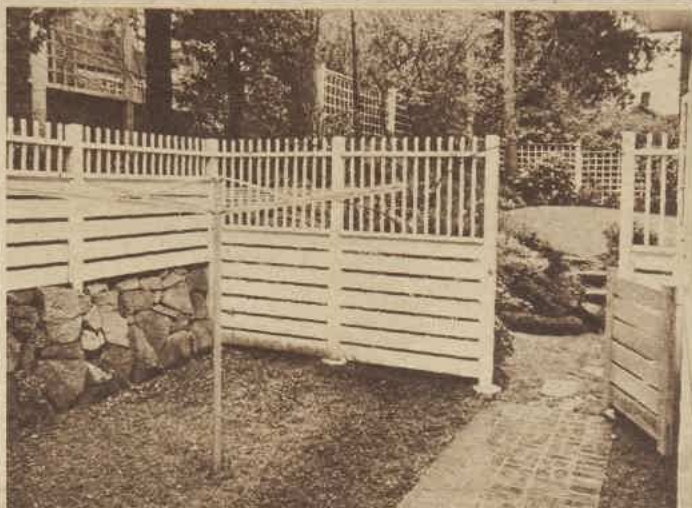


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WHEN KIDNEYS WORK TOO OFTEN

Are you embarrassed by too frequent urination during the day and night? These symptoms, as well as bladder irritation, backache, swollen ankles, leg pains, nervousness, dizziness, lumbago, broken sleep, circles under eyes, are usually due to germ-caused kidney and bladder troubles. The first sign of Cystex, the new scientific medicine, goes right to work overcoming troubles in 3 ways: 1. Kills germs causing trouble. 2. Gets rid of poisonous acids. 3. Strengthens and reinvigorates kidneys and bladder. Get Cystex from chemist to-day under guarantee: satisfaction or money back.

Screens for backyards



COMBINATION PICKET AND HORIZONTAL FENCING is an attractive screen for this service yard at the side of a house. Fencing, which is continued on a smaller scale round the garden, hides it from the neighbors' view and is attractive in itself.

YOU don't need to be an artist to notice the number of backyards that are eyesores to the house-dwellers as well as to the neighbors.

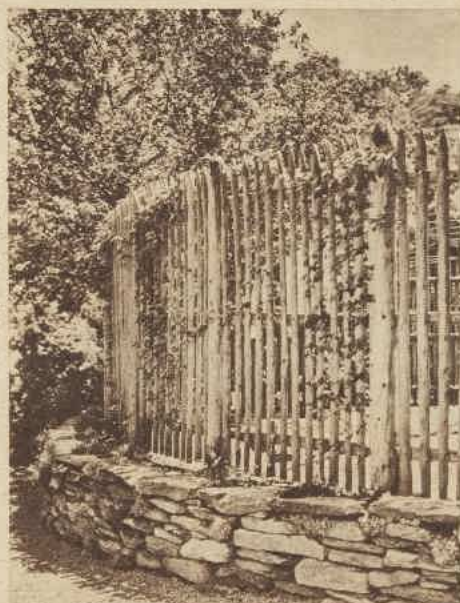
In many homes, clothes-lines, garbage-tins, and other utilities are haphazardly placed. They spoil what otherwise would be trim backyards.

The main purpose of a backyard, whether it is small or large, is to provide freedom for its owner as well as to house utilities. But a little organisation can make it pleasant to look at and a place in which to enjoy outdoor relaxation.

Illustrated on this page are some practical ideas for fencing off the service area.

A service yard at the side of a house (above) can be neatly separated from the garden by a picket fence. The circular fence (right) is an attractive enclosure for a rotary clothes-line, while close fencing (below, left) can be used for a service yard on a high level.

In a restricted space an angled fence (below, right) is an effective screen.



WIDE-SPACE FENCING was chosen for this service yard at the bottom of a tree-shaded garden. It is decorative and lets in the breeze to the clothes-line.



TIGHT-WEAVE fencing is used effectively when the service yard is on a higher level. The plant boxes are decorative.



ANGLED FENCE makes more room in the service area of a small yard. The corner can be used to frame a colorful plant.

"Snack"

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A delicious taste-sensation of freshly-picked strawberries.

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A joy to every taste. Rich and exotic.

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An exciting blend of choice, fresh-fruit flavours.

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When you immerse your dentures in 'Steradent', the oxygen content drives stains, film and odours out of every corner and crevice. 'Steradent' disinfects and deodorises, leaving teeth and plate gleaming with absolute cleanliness.



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for that
Mother's Day
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NILE

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Mother knows and trusts the "Nile" label on sheets and pillow cases, on towels, on ladies' underwear, on handkerchiefs... and father has probably been wearing famous Nile underwear for years. So Nile is definitely a family favourite of long standing for economy and quality. Mother loves to recline in the luxury of Nile Erin-Art scalloped sheets and embroidered pillow cases, and she knows that

when they're laundered they'll retain their fineness and newness even after years of wear. They're made from finest quality Spero English linen-finished sheetings.

Large, luxurious Nile jacquard towels are specially packed in pairs for gift-giving (you can buy them singly if you wish), and are available in a range of lovely pastel shades... cool green, pale blue and a dainty primrose.



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NILE HANDKERCHIEFS.

IF MOTHER WERE BUYING FOR HERSELF, SHE WOULD LOOK FOR THE NAME "NILE"!



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"I like this medicine"



"So do I!"



Parents like Laxettes—because they're smooth, they're safe, they're gentle, they're effective. Sweet-tooths like Laxettes, because they taste exactly like fine chocolate. Smooth—safe—sure. 25¢ everywhere. Get a box today.

LAXETTES

The chocolate laxative

Be artful with Mustard!

SO TASTY TO THE TONGUE

Make the best of roast beef by rubbing a teaspoon of Mustard into the roast before popping it into the oven. And another bright thought: before grilling steak, rub it with 1 teaspoon each of Mustard, sugar and salt!

KEEN'S MUSTARD
.. of course

ASTHMA CURBED 1st DAY

Don't let coughing, wheezing attacks of Asthma and Bronchitis poison your system, sap your energy, ruin your health, and weaken your heart. Mendax, a new American scientific medicine, starts immediately to circulate through the blood, quickly curbing the attacks. The very first day the thick phlegm is dissolved, easing free, easy breathing and letting you sleep the night through in comfort. Get Mendax from your chemist or store to-day under positive guarantee to stop your Asthma coughing and to give you free, easy breathing the first day or money back.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—May 7, 1952



1—SIEVE the dry ingredients for shortcrust pastry into a mixing-bowl. This aerates the flour and lightens the pastry.



2—RUB FAT IN very lightly, using fingertips only. Fat may be lard, margarine, or a mixture of both.



3—MIX rubbed-in ingredients with cold water, using a knife. In hot weather iced water may be used.



4—ADD only just enough water to make pastry bind together, and finish mixing with the fingers.

Fingertip mixing for good pastry

The four illustrations above will help you to correct faults in making shortcrust pastry. They are taken from "Picture Cookery," our exciting new cookery book.

"PICTURE COOKERY," which has 600 illustrations, 24 in color, is priced at 17/6.

It may be obtained by presenting the coupon on this page at our office in your city, or by filling the coupon in and enclosing 17/6 for the cost of the book and 1/6 for postage, 19/- in all.

Addresses of our offices in capital cities are on page 10.

Cool working conditions and a hot oven are essential for success in pastry-making.

• Handle the pastry as little as possible. Use only the tips of the fingers for rubbing in.

• Mix pastry (except hot-water crust and choux pastry) with cold water.

• The richer the pastry, the hotter the oven must be.

FLAN PASTRY

Flan or biscuit crust is a richer, sweeter type of shortcrust pastry suitable for flans and cold lunch or dinner sweets and for teatime pastries.

Basic Recipe: 4oz. flour, pinch salt, 2oz. fat, 1 rounded teaspoon sugar, 1 egg-yolk, cold water to mix.

Sieve the flour and salt into a bowl and rub in the fat (margarine or a mixture of margarine and butter), using the fingertips. Add the sugar and mix with the egg-yolk and

Sufficient cold water to make a stiff dough. Knead slightly till it is quite smooth, then use as required.

SHORTCRUST PASTRY

Basic Recipe: Four ounces flour, pinch salt, 2oz. fat, or use less fat and add 1 rounded teaspoon baking powder, cold water to mix.

Sieve the dry ingredients into a mixing-bowl—this aerates the flour and lightens the finished pastry. Rub in the fat very lightly, using the fingertips only. The fat may be lard, margarine, or a mixture. Mix rubbed-in ingredients with cold water, using a knife. In hot weather iced water may be used. Add only just enough water to make the pastry bind together, and finish the mixing with the fingers.

JELLIED FRUIT TARTLETS

Eight ounces shortcrust, fresh fruit, 1oz. gelatine (or more as required), 1 pint unsweetened fruit juice, coloring (optional), mock cream.

Line tartlet cases with pastry and bake "blind" (without filling). Stew fruit lightly, taking care not to break it, drain well, and arrange in the cold pastry-cases. Make a jelly by dissolving gelatine in juice, tinting if necessary; cool, then pour it over the fruit. When set, decorate tartlets with a little mock cream or fresh whipped cream.

Recipe wins £5 prize

THIS week's best recipe award of £5 is won by Mrs. A. Seius, 4 Norton St., Kingsford, N.S.W., with a recipe for Frosted Jamaican Apples.

FROSTED JAMAICAN APPLES

Four apples, 4 tablespoons sugar, lemon juice, 1 cup water, 2 tablespoons chopped dates or sultanas (or any dried fruit), 1 tablespoon rum (or less), 1 egg-white, 2 extra dessert-spoons sugar.

Wash and dry apples, remove core. Place in ovenware dish. Fill centre cavity with sugar and lemon juice. Place balance of the four tablespoons sugar in dish, add water. Bake in moderate oven until apples are soft. Fill centres with fruit soaked in rum. Make a meringue from egg-white and extra sugar, spoon on top of apples. Return to moderate oven until meringue is set.

BALMORAL TARTLETS

Six ounces flan pastry, 1oz. margarine, 1oz. castor sugar, 1 egg, 1oz. cake crumbs, 1oz. glace cherries and candied peel mixed, 1oz. cornflour.

Line 10-12 party-tins with the pastry. Cream fat and sugar until light and white, and beat in egg-yolk. Add the crumbs, shredded cherries and peel, and cornflour. Fold in the stiffly beaten egg-white. Put thin strips of pastry over the top and bake in a moderate oven (375deg. F.) for 20 minutes.

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Come into the kitchen!

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A cake - a pudding - from the one easy COPHA MELT'n'MIX RECIPE



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Luscious, STEAMY-HOT pudding... delicious, fluffy-light Orange Cake. What finer fare than this delectable pair, and both from the one easy recipe. Simplicity itself to make them with Copha's amazing Melt'n'Mix method because there's no egg-beating, no creaming and you use only one mixing bowl. You use less Copha than any other shortening, because Copha is concentrated. Save your time — be thrifty too, make these kitchen-tested Copha recipes. You're sure of success every time!

Ingredients: 2 ozs. Copha, 4 ozs. ($\frac{1}{2}$ cup) sugar, 1 egg, 5 ozs. ($1\frac{1}{2}$ cups) self raising flour, $\frac{1}{2}$ level teaspoon salt, 4 tablespoons milk, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon essence.

Preparation: Place sugar, egg, essence and half the sifted flour and salt in a mixing bowl.

Now Melt: Place Copha in a saucepan, chop roughly and melt over gentle heat. It should be barely warm, not hot — test with your fingertip. Add measured milk to melted Copha.

And Mix: Pour Copha and milk onto ingredients, in mixing bowl and beat with a rotary beater 5 minutes. Add remaining flour and beat 1 minute longer.

ORANGE CAKE

1. Add the grated rind of 1 large orange with the sugar etc.
2. Place in a greased 7" layer pan.
3. Bake in a moderate oven (350°F.) 30 to 35 minutes.
4. Frost when cold with orange flavoured frosting and decorate with coconut and "jelly beans" if desired.

STEAMED PUDDING

1. Make up Basic Recipe.
2. Place in greased pudding basin.
3. Cover securely and steam $1\frac{1}{2}$ hours.
4. Serve hot with Chocolate Mellah Sauce.

For flavour variations: Any of the following may be added to the mixture: $\frac{1}{2}$ cup coconut; $\frac{1}{2}$ cup chopped dates or other dried fruit; 1 dessertspoon coffee essence; 1 teaspoon mixed spice together with 1 dessertspoon golden syrup.



Easy-delicious Mellah Chocolate Sauce!

Only one minute to make. Just follow simple directions on Mellah packet. Serve while hot. (Try those other heavenly Mellah flavours, too, creamy Vanilla, luscious Caramel.)

Winter-time is time for extra nourishment, especially for active, growing youngsters who need it most. Even the fussiest child will take milk when it's served as delicious, creamy-smooth Mellah. Serve Mellah as a hot sauce to accompany puddings and ice-cream—as a complete dessert with fruit or nuts, or as a pie or tart filling.

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● Good quality protein food is an essential part of every well-balanced meal, but it is not provided only by meat. Vegetables and other protein-rich foods are other sources.

Vegetables AS MAIN DISHES



* Nutmeat slices braised with onions and tomatoes make a satisfying dinner dish. Oriental vegetable treat and scrambled eggs and peas are two other appetising meatless dishes. See recipes on this page.

A BALANCED, mixed diet of protein foods, dairy products, fruit, vegetables, and cereals is necessary for health.

Protein foods, such as peas, beans, nutmeat, cheese, eggs, milk, spaghetti, noodles, and macaroni, provide scope for variety in the meatless menu.

Nutmeat, used in several of the recipes on this page, is a valuable protein food which also contains a high percentage of the natural oil of the crushed nuts from which it is made.

Spaghetti, noodles, and macaroni, made from wheat and containing protein, are lacking in fat and are best combined with a rich white sauce or cheese.

Dark green leafy vegetables and whole-grain cereals are a useful addition when meat is omitted. Both supply Vitamin B.

These recipes, together with other appetising vegetable dishes, will be demonstrated at the Home and Health Exhibition in the Sydney Town Hall from May 6 to May 10.

All spoon measurements are level.

NUTMEAT WITH ONION AND TOMATO

One tin nutmeat (16oz. size), 2 onions, 2 medium tomatoes, 2 teaspoons gravy browning, 2 cups vegetable stock or water, 1 tablespoon tomato sauce or tomato puree, ½ teaspoon vegetable extract, salt to taste.

Cut nutmeat into thick slices, place in greased ovenware dish. Blend gravy browning with stock or water, add tomato sauce or puree, vegetable extract, and salt. Stir until boiling, pour over nutmeat. Peel and slice onions, cut washed tomatoes into wedges. Place on top of casserole, cover, and bake in slow oven 1½ to 2 hours. Serve on hot dish.

ORIENTAL VEGETABLE TREAT

One cup sliced celery, 1 cup sliced beans, 1 cup sliced carrot, 1 cup sliced onion, 2 tablespoons vegetable shortening, ½ teaspoon each of garlic and green ginger (chopped and crushed), salt, ¼ to 1 cup water, 1 teaspoon cornflour.

Melt shortening, fry ginger, garlic, and salt for a few minutes before adding vegetables.

Stir and fry for a few minutes. Add water, cover with lid and simmer until just tender. Blend cornflour with a little water, stir into vegetable mixture, simmer 3 minutes. Serve hot.

ORIENTAL CABBAGE

One small cabbage, 1 dessertspoon vegetable shortening, small amount of garlic and ginger (finely chopped and crushed), salt, water.

Cut cabbage into coarse shreds. Heat shortening, add garlic and ginger, then cabbage. Braise for a few minutes, add salt and sufficient water to prevent burning. Cook gently with lid partly off for 3 minutes. Serve at once.

SAVORY NOODLES

Half-packer spaghetti, 1lb. chopped tomatoes, 1 large onion, ½ cup spaghetti mixed herbs, 2 tablespoons vegetable shortening, small knob garlic, small piece ginger, salt, shallots or parsley.

Cook spaghetti in boiling, salted water until soft, drain in colander. Run cold water through to remove excess starch. Melt

shortening, add crushed garlic and crushed ginger, diced onion, tomatoes, salt to taste, cooked spaghetti, and herbs. Stir lightly over low heat until spaghetti is thoroughly reheated. Serve hot garnished with sliced shallots or chopped parsley.

* SCRAMBLED EGGS AND PEAS

One cup cooked peas, 2 tablespoons water in which peas cooked, salt to taste, 3 eggs, 1 dessertspoon vegetable shortening, shallots, toast.

Beat eggs until light, add water from peas, salt, and cooked peas. Melt shortening in pan, add egg mixture. Cook gently over low heat until set, then turn. Serve hot garnished with shallots and toast triangles.

SWEET CORN SOUP

One small tin sweet corn, 1 teaspoon vegetable shortening, small amount of crushed garlic and ginger, 3 cups water, 2 tablespoons wheatmeal, 1 egg, ¼ cup shredded lettuce or chopped parsley.

Melt shortening, add crushed garlic and ginger. Brown slightly. Add water, when

boiling add sweet corn and wheatmeal. Stir to prevent lumps forming. Simmer for 5 minutes, remove from heat, stir in beaten egg. Add chopped lettuce or parsley just before serving.

VEGETABLE SOUP

One ounce vegetable shortening, ¼ cup each of diced potato, diced carrot, diced beans, diced celery, and pearl barley, 4 cups water, 2 cups chopped tomatoes, 1 teaspoon salt, ½ teaspoon vegetable extract, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley.

Melt shortening, add vegetables, cook 2 or 3 minutes. Stir in water, washed barley, tomatoes, salt, and vegetable extract. Cook 20 to 25 minutes until vegetables are tender. Add parsley. May be cooked in a pressure cooker, allowing 4 minutes.

EGG AND LENTIL BRAWN

One cup cooked brown lentils, 1 cup tomato puree, 1½ cups water, 2 tablespoons gelatine, ¼ cup finely chopped carrot or cooked peas (or both), 2 hard-boiled eggs, salt, 2 teaspoons vegetable extract.

Soak gelatine in the 1½ cups water, leave standing a few minutes. Dissolve vegetable extract in heated tomato puree, mix with soaked gelatine, stir until dissolved. Set a thin layer in base of wetted mould, decorate with sliced hard-boiled eggs. Add a little more jelly, allow to set. Mix balance of jelly with lentils and carrot (or peas). Season with salt. Fill into mould, chill until set.

NORMANDY LOAF

Half a tin nutmeat (16oz. size), 2 tablespoons butter or other good shortening, 1 tablespoon grated onion, 1 teaspoon celery salt, 1 egg, 1 cup breadcrumbs, 1 cup hot milk, pinch sage, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley.

Mash the nutmeat thoroughly with a fork. Add melted shortening, onion, celery salt, beaten egg, breadcrumbs, hot milk, sage and parsley. Turn into greased ovenware dish, bake 30 to 40 minutes in hot oven. Serve with brown vegetable sauce.

BROWN VEGETABLE SAUCE

Small piece of carrot and turnip, 1 stick celery, 1 small onion, 1 tablespoon fat, 1½ tablespoons flour, salt and pepper to taste, ½ pint water, ½ teaspoon Worcestershire sauce.

Peel vegetables, cut into dice. Fry gently in the hot fat until browned. Stir in flour and allow to brown. Add salt, pepper, water, and sauce. Simmer 20 to 30 minutes. Serve hot.

KITCHEN CUT-OUTS . . .

Basic recipe No. 1

THIS basic recipe for nutloaf, with suggestions for varying the flavor, is the first of a series covering all branches of cookery. Cut it out and paste it in your kitchen notebook or file it for future use.

NUTLOAF (with variations)

Two cups self-raising flour, ½ teaspoon salt, 2 tablespoons butter or other shortening, ½ cup sugar, ¼ cup chopped nuts, 1 egg, ½ cup milk, ½ teaspoon vanilla or ½ teaspoon grated lemon rind.

Sift flour and salt, rub in shortening with finger-tips until mixture looks like coarse breadcrumbs. Add sugar and nuts. Beat egg lightly, mix with milk and vanilla or

lemon rind and fold lightly and evenly into dry ingredients. Divide into 2 greased nut-roll tins or one loaf-tin. Bake in moderate oven 35 to 45 minutes in 2 roll-tins, or longer in one loaf-tin. Serve thinly sliced and buttered.

VARIATIONS

Wholemeal Nutloaf: Use half white and half wholemeal self-raising flour and increase quantity of milk by 2 or 3 tablespoons because wholemeal mixtures require more moisture. If liked, 1 teaspoon grated orange rind may be used in place of the ½ teaspoon lemon rind.

Fruited Nutloaf: Reduce chopped nuts to ¼ cup and add ¼ cup mixed fruit or raisins or suetballs.

Pineapple Nutloaf: Add 1-3rd cup well-drained shredded pineapple.

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Page 50

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• Fashion Patterns may be obtained immediately from Fashion Patterns Pty., Ltd., 645 Harris St., Ultimo, Sydney (postal address Box 4060, G.P.O., Sydney). Tasmanian readers should address orders to Box 66-D, G.P.O., Hobart; New Zealand readers to Box 666, G.P.O., Auckland.

NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

No. 229—BUTTON-UP COAT DRESS

A trim house-dress obtainable cut out ready to make. The material is check cotton zephyr, in blue and white, green and white, and red and white. Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, 34/3; 36 and 38in. bust, 35/11. Postage and registration, 2/9 extra.



No. 232—PEG BAG

A very useful peg bag designed for the busy housewife. The bag is clearly traced ready to embroider, and cut out ready to make. The material is British headcloth obtainable in blue, lemon, pink, green, natural, and white. The coat-hanger in top and bias binding are not supplied. Bag measures 11in. by 17in., price 4/3. Postage, 7d. extra.

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Three heart-shaped mats are clearly traced ready to embroider on cream Irish linen, on sheer linen in pale blue, white, green, and pink, and on British cotton in green, blue, lemon, and pink. The centre mat measures 14in. by 7in., and the two smaller mats 7in. by 8in. Price: Irish linen and sheer linen, 7/11. Postage, 7d. extra. Cotton, 5/6. Postage, 7d. extra.

No. 230—NIGHTGOWN

Long-sleeved, lace-trimmed nightgown, designed for winter warmth, is obtainable cut out ready to make. The material is printed winceyette, the color choice includes a floral design printed on blue, pink, and cream grounds. The lace trim is supplied. Sizes 32in. and 34in. bust, 36/9; 36in. and 38in. bust, 38/3. Postage and registration, 3/3 extra.

NOTE: Please make a second color choice. No C.O.D. orders accepted. All Needlework Notions over 6/11 sent by registered post. Send orders for Needlework Notions (note prices) to address given on this page.



THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — May 7, 1952



Going to Grandma's with their best shoes forward!



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P.67-WW143g

MARJORIE

reminded Dinah of the passing time. "Your bath's ready," she said. "And it's really getting awfully late. Mother will be in a flap if we're not down when the first guests arrive."

"The only way I can face it," said Dinah grimly, "is if I have a drink. Several drinks."

Marjorie looked a little horrified. Then she said uncertainly, "Maybe if I had an eye like that I'd feel the same. All right, if I smuggle up some of the fruit cup, will you get into your bath straight away?"

Fruit cup, thought Dinah dreamily, sitting in her bath and sipping a large tumbler of the honey-colored concoction. It wouldn't hurt a fly. She sipped and dreamed until Marjorie called urgently, "Dinah, do hurry. You've been in there half an hour," and, lazily dragging herself out of the water, she found that the fruit cup was more potent than she had expected. Her head was swimming in a most agreeable fashion.

"Oh, you're tight!" Marjorie wailed.

"I'm not. I'm fine. Give me that eye-shadow."

"Oh, Dinah, please don't do anything outrageous in front of William."

"William?" said Dinah loftily, draping a towel round herself and sitting in front of the mirror. "Who's William to put myself out about?" She applied the eye-shadow in bold sweeps. "Now, if it were Gabriel," she said dreamily, "he would really appreciate this. By the way, are you very much in love with William?"

Marjorie flushed slightly.

"I—I don't quite know. He's the sort of man one marries. One doesn't have to be deeply in love. Not deeply."

Dinah looked at her curiously. "Poor William," she said.

"Why poor?" Marjorie snapped.

"No, I didn't mean that. I meant lucky William. He'll have you to live up to. Now, me—" She applied eye-shadow lavishly.

"Oh, Dinah!" Marjorie protested. "You'll look like an adventuress."

"That's what I say. You

Shining Example

Continued from page 9

needn't fear any competition from me with your precious William."

She was so deliberately languid about her dressing that finally Marjorie had to go down without her, and when at last, feeling a cross between a sultry-eyed femme and a cloud in a yellow sky, she drifted down the stairs, there were quite a lot of people about. She heard Aunt Flora's relieved voice, "Oh, Dinah, there you are at last." And then, under her breath, "Oh, my dear, aren't your eyes just a little —"

Her father, worried, boomed in a sort of thunderous undertone, "At least they're both the same color now."

Before he could go on, Marjorie was there, saying crisply, "William, this is my cousin Dinah. Dinah, I want you to meet William."

It was then that Dinah discovered that the fruit cup was a great deal more potent than she had expected it to be. For it was Gabriel's voice that answered!

"Well, hullo. We have met before. At least I think I recognise you under all that artistic coloring."

She raised her heavily shadowed eyes and saw Gabriel's long-nosed face, his twinkling, conspiratorial eyes.

Gabriel had been just an old friend, comfortable and sympathetic, but this young man was the elegant, highly intelligent, the socially perfect William Ensor! How could they be the same person?

"She — she's had a slight accident," Marjorie was saying nervously as Dinah stared in open astonishment. "I think she's suffering a little from concussion." Then, puzzled, "William, did you say you had met Dinah before?"

"Indeed, yes," said Gabriel's voice. "Last night. I never was allowed to get around to explaining who I was."

And then, at last, Dinah saw it all. He had been having a tremendous lot of fun at her expense. Right from the beginning he had known who she was and yet he had encouraged her to talk like a child, telling him all that family stuff about her humiliations and the

example of her perfect cousin. "Why!" she declared in angry contempt. "You impostor! You — you — impostor!"

"Dinah!" Marjorie exclaimed in horror.

"If only I knew more words to fit you!" Dinah went on hotly.

"I say," boomed the Colonel from behind them. "Aren't you being a little impolite to Mr. Ensor, my dear? Granted you were inadvertently deceived —"

"Inadvertently!" Dinah cried.

"Oh, no! Deliberately. Most deliberately. He enjoyed doing it. Didn't you?" She ramed her black-lidded eyes to look into Gabriel's face. He gave a wide, slow smile of delight and drawled: "Those eyes, Miss Dinah. Oh, those ravishing eyes!"

"Pah!" said Dinah, and

turned on her heel and furiously walked away.

She remembered speaking to other people. She even danced once or twice, though she was completely vague as to whom she danced with. Then, the effect of the fruit cup having worn off, and being filled with the most unutterable melancholy, she could stand it no longer.

At any moment now Marjorie would be telling William Ensor that he must find Dinah and dance with her, and if that happened she was likely to burst into tears in his arms. And that would be the greatest humiliation that had ever been her lot.

So, when no one in particular was watching, she sneaked up the stairs to her room and, safely there, locked the door and swore under her breath that nothing would ever persuade her to see William Ensor again.

She would not even go to his wedding. Marjorie would make such a sweet bride, small and exquisite and demure. All the old ladies would sigh and cry over her, and at the altar Gabriel — no, William — would tower over her . . .

Tears began to make black rivulets down Dinah's cheeks. With face tissues she began to wipe away the horrible eye-shadow. Then she gave it up and flung herself on the bed and cried into a blackened pillow.

Inevitably there were attempts to get her to rejoin the party. To Aunt Flora and then to Marjorie she called out that she had a frightful headache, that she couldn't open her eyes. Finally they left her, relieved, she guessed, that they now had a plausible reason for her peculiar behaviour.

Perhaps she was a coward for running away, but she intended to run away still further. As soon as the party was over and everyone in bed, she intended to leave the house and catch the four a.m. train back to London.

It would not be safe to try to creep out of the house. Aunt Flora was an exceptionally light sleeper and heard every creak. To get to the stairs she had to pass Aunt Flora's door. No, she would be doubly cautious and go down the fire escape outside her window.

Please turn to page 53

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Family Scrapbook

By DR. ERNEST G. OSBORNE

CHILDREN'S interests should be taken seriously. Usually, if ten-year-old Bruce declares he is going to be a pilot, we merely smile indulgently. When Mary Anne decides that she wants to be a policewoman, we pass it over lightly.

Naturally, it is unlikely that these earlier interests will be the final vocational choices. Nonetheless, it is good policy to take them seriously, for the experience of finding out what is involved in the job is an excellent one. The fact that Bruce is more likely to go into business and that Mary Anne will marry and raise her family does not make any difference.

Any first-hand experience that our youngsters can have with what is going on around them is all to the good. Perhaps you can help Bruce meet a pilot or at least help him



Encourage their ambitions

get reading material that will give him a picture of the job. Making a contact for Mary Anne may be more difficult, but it isn't impossible.

Taking their interest in careers seriously provides a good springboard for the development of what may be lasting interest — even if it doesn't actually mean going into the job in question.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — May 7, 1952



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Shining Example

AN hour after the house was still (it was nearly three-thirty) Dinah got up and dressed, scrubbed her face clean of make-up, packed her bag, and scrambled out on to the window-sill. Aunt Flora's house was very old and doors were inclined to stick, windows to jam.

Holding to the window-frame with one hand as she felt for the top step of the fire escape, the window suddenly came down hard, and she nearly lost her balance. She teetered a moment, then recovered and was inclined to giggle breathlessly. The window was shut, but she was safely outside and now had only to scramble down the fire escape to the ground.

Slowly, her suitcase gripped in one hand, she climbed, feeling her way backwards. Six steps down she couldn't find a seventh. One foot waving futilely in space, she took a precarious look down. The fire escape was broken! There was a gap of at least four feet to the crumpled and tottering remainder.

Clinging to her perch, Dinah fumed. Wouldn't Aunt Flora have something like this happen! There she lived in this huge, crumbling old house, keeping up her facade of family importance and holding up her daughter as the epitome of perfection while she let people risk their lives on broken fire escapes.

Well, there was nothing to do but climb back inside and risk creeping down the stairs.

When the window into her bedroom refused to open, Dinah was inclined to giggle again. It was all so ridiculous. A broken fire escape, a jammed window, and herself stranded on the window-sill on a rather chilly night. It was all within the tradition of the absurd scrapes she got into.

Reflecting, she decided that there were three things she could do. She could call for help, or break the window, or sit there till morning.

It was after three-thirty. In another hour and a half it would be growing light. The milkman or someone would see her. If she called for help, from an irony of fate it would be sure to be William Ensor who heard her. Dismally, she curled up on the wide sill,

thanking heaven that at least she had a head for heights.

How was she to know that William Ensor would be the first person abroad in the morning? But there he was. Waking from a half doze, stiff with cramp and cold, she opened her eyes and saw him standing in the middle of the lawn in his dressing-gown, staring up at her as if he were not sure whether or not to believe what he saw.

"Well, what are you staring at?" she called sulkily. "Come up and let me in."

He hesitated a moment, obviously exclaiming under his breath. Then he dashed for the house. A few moments later he was in her room and struggling with the jammed window. It opened suddenly, and Dinah, propped against the pane, tumbled back stiffly into his arms.

"If you dare to laugh!" she threatened weakly.

But he wasn't laughing. He was looking down at her with the most curious reflective expression.

"Silly!" he said softly. "Little silly."

Dinah tried to stand, and found her legs would not unbend. They remained in a folded position which was embarrassing and stupid. She had to cling to Gabriel (this was Gabriel, wasn't it, not the mocking young man in evening clothes last night, but her Gabriel) and stammer apologetically: "I had to catch a t-train. But the fire escape was broken." Her teeth chattered. "I'm so cold."

"The sooner," said Gabriel, "we get to the Far East, the better. There it's warm all the time and if you want to spend a night on a window-sill you can do it without fear of catching cold."

Dinah wrinkled her forehead, trying foggily to make sense.

"Oh, you mean Marjorie?" But I assure you," she said earnestly, "Marjorie is never likely to want to spend a night on a window-sill. You needn't have the slightest worry."

"Actually," said Gabriel, "I didn't mean Marjorie."

And his warm lips were just touching her cold ones as Aunt Flora's voice came from the doorway.

Continued from page 52

"Dinah! William! Good gracious! I thought I heard burglars. Good gracious!" Her words died away in a little helpless flurry. Then she sped away before Gabriel could say a word. Dinah, for once, had no words to say. So Gabriel, in his forthright manner, went on with the kiss.

It was not to be expected, however, that they could remain uninterrupted. Aunt Flora had gone for the Colonel, who had also spent the night there. As Dinah was struggling stiffly out of Gabriel's arms, her father appeared at the door. She sank on to a chair, waiting apprehensively for his roar of wrath.

Instead, he rocked on his toes, his dressing-gown wrapped neatly over his plump stomach, his little bright eyes full of benignity.

"Ah!" he said. "Ah, my dear! A little impetuous, perhaps, but you have my blessing. I might even give you a new car for a wedding present."

"A wedding present!" exclaimed Aunt Flora.

"Yes," said the Colonel, beaming. "William formally asked me for Dinah's hand last night. All very nice and correct, Flora. Unfortunately, the wedding will have to be a rather hurried affair as William leaves for the Far East shortly."

"Well!" gasped Aunt Flora. Dinah looked dazedly from one face to another. Aunt Flora's showing ludicrous surprise, father's a gentle complacency, and Gabriel's a twinkling tenderness that was more than she could bear.

"But—but Marjorie," she managed to get out.

"Yes, poor Marjorie!" cried Aunt Flora in distress.

"None of that, mother!" came Marjorie's voice suddenly. Marjorie, in a polka dot silk housecoat, looking as fresh and immaculate as if she had never known a late night or a headache, was there beside Aunt Flora.

"I knew William wasn't interested in me," she said airily. "It was Dinah ever since I told him about her. He couldn't wait to meet her. Her cool eyes went over Dinah, dressed, at six in the morning, in a travelling suit, and with her face drawn and pinched with cold. 'I guess he likes the unexpected,' she drawled. Dinah looked at Gabriel. 'Is that true?'"

He gave her his wide, gentle smile, and again the yellow light seemed to be round his head.

"And how!" he said. It was all quite too wonderful to be true. But later there was even more. Lying on her bed trying to recover from her sleepless night, Dinah heard Aunt Flora in Marjorie's room saying impatiently, "Darling, must you fuss so about little things? Men don't like it. Look at Dinah, the splendid way in which she ignores trivialities. Take her for your shining example!"

It would never happen again, Dinah thought. Wait till Aunt Flora heard that she was going to be married in three days without a veil because she and Gabriel left for Hongkong in a week. But once, she gloated, she was the shining example. And once was enough.

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MANDRAKE: Master magician,
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servant, and
PRINCESS NARDA: Are at-
tacked by savage head-
hunters while crossing wild
African country. During
their escape, the friends are
forced to separate and Narda

IN A MOMENT, THE WOODS SHAKE WITH THE TERRIFIC
BATTLE! PARALYZED WITH FEAR, NARDA WATCHES AS
THE TWO GREAT APES FIGHT!



NARDA'S
GORILLA CAPTOR, FIGHTS
OFF THE CHALLENGE OF
THE RIVAL GORILLA, AS THE
DEFEATED BEAST CRAWLS
AWAY, AND THE VICTOR
ROARS VICTORIOUSLY—
LOTHAR BURSTS UPON THEM.



WISE IN JUNGLE WAYS, LOTHAR WASTES NO TIME.
AVOIDING THE POWERFUL ARMS, HE SWINGS HIS
IRON FIST AT THE MASSIVE JAW—AGAIN—AND
AGAIN—AND AGAIN—



BAFFLED AND HURT BY THIS ATTACK, THE KING GORILLA
FORGETS HIS PRIDE AND RACES OFF IN ANIMAL TERROR,
FOLLOWED BY HIS LUMBERING SUBJECTS—LOTHAR, YOU BEAT
THAT GORILLA! CRIES NARDA.—"JUST BIG MONKEY,"
SAYS LOTHAR.



MANDRAKE REACHES THEM. THEY TELL WHAT HAPPENED.
HEAD-HUNTERS, GORILLAS—THIS COUNTRY TEEMS WITH DANGER!
THE SOONER WE'RE OUT OF HERE, THE BETTER! WHAT NEXT?
ASKS MANDRAKE. LOOKOUT! LOTHAR SUDDENLY CALLS—



AS SNOOTING AND SQUEALING, A HERD OF HUGE
WILD BOARS, BREAK FROM THE BUSHES!
VICIOUS, FAST AND DEADLY—ONE OF THE MOST
FEARED KILLERS IN THE JUNGLE!



"QUICK—INTO TREES!" SHOUTS LOTHAR.—AND AS THEY
PUSH FOR SAFETY, NARDA TRIPS OVER A ROOT. THE
WILD BEASTS, THEIR SHARP FANGS GLEAMING,
RACE AT THEM—



AS THE VICIOUS WILD
BOARS NEAR MANDRAKE
AND NARDA, LOTHAR
REACHES DOWN. THEY
JUMP TO CATCH
HIS HANDS

TO BE CONTINUED

MISS THORNTON

TON'S voice was quiet as she asked: "Isn't that going to be rather difficult?"

"Not if you help me all you can!"

"But everybody thinks I killed my uncle. It all seems so obvious. I've hated him for years because, as his dependent, he made life unbearable for me; I'm the only one mentioned in his will; and I had access to his food. If it hadn't been for your finding poison in the cat, nobody would have known it was murder and nobody would ever have suspected me or anyone else."

"I've been responsible for a great deal of unhappiness for you. I'm sure," the doctor murmured, "but I'm going to try to make up for it by getting the man I believe murdered your uncle!"

"You— you think a man did it? But— who?"

"At the moment I can't tell you. I want you to help me by describing all that is photographed on your mind about how you served your uncle's last meal."

She related how she had always, on Small's day out, first taken her own luncheon in the hotel dining-room, then carried her uncle's tray upstairs.

She then carried the tray along the corridor into the private sitting-room and put it before the old man, fetched the condiments from the corner cupboard; and the old man ate his meal sitting before the fire, while she sat quietly beside him, ready to wait on him if necessary.

"You mention that the condiments were kept in the cupboard in the sitting-room?"

"Yes! My uncle used a special kind of salt, and this was kept in one of a pair of silver salt-cellars along with a pair of pepper-shakers and other small objects. The other salt-cellar of the pair contained ordinary salt for the use of anyone who might have a meal with him. A bit of blue ribbon was attached to it to distinguish it from its companion."

"I see! And the meal passed off without incident?"

"Yes, as far as I can remember. Except for one of the salt-cellars?"

"One of the salt-cellars?"

"My uncle was as faddy about having his meals served on hot plates as he was about having his own salt-cellar. After much remonstrance and bribing I had managed to get the waiter to see that the meals were always served piping hot. Well, when my uncle had the fish before him, he found that the top of the salt-sprinkler was blocked."

Nancy Thornton shrugged and went on: "You know how hot-tempered he was! He raved at me that the plate and food would be cold before he could salt his fish. He called for a pin to poke away the obstruction, but I couldn't find one. So finally I dashed to the cupboard, took the companion salt-cellar, changed the sprinkler from it for the blocked one, and handed it back to my uncle. He sprinkled his fish liberally and, when he had finished, I put the tray outside the door for the waiter to collect."

"I put the salt-cellars back in the cupboard as I always did, with the pepper and sauce. I meant to tell Small to clean the salt-cellar with the blocked

Cats Don't Stumble

Continued from page 5

sprinkler—in fact, I put it on another shelf—but, in view of all that followed, I forgot."

"And there was nothing else?"

"Only that my uncle said the fish tasted rather bitter. But that was the poison, I suppose. I told the police this and they looked at me as if I had as good as signed my death warrant."

"Instead of which, your excellent memory has probably saved your life," the doctor said.

Rising, Dr. Bedford shook hands with Miss Thornton, and hurried excitedly from the police station.

That evening Dr. Bedford went over to Ringby to see James Small, Amos Thornton's valet. He knew very well that he ought to go straight to the police, but he felt justified in conducting the case in his own way, especially as he had dis-

Behind the New Look

IN the spring of 1947, Paris fashion designer Christian Dior launched the New Look.

Then, in 1950, Dior came up with the newer New Look, a modification that required no less material than the 1947 vogue.

These two fashion changes had one notable, though little known, effect—they handsomely increased the bank-roll of French textile manufacturer Marcel Bousac, who had financially backed Dior.

The story of the Bousac-Dior association makes an interesting background to May A.M.'s report on the progress in Australia of two Bousac-bred stallions now doing stud duty at Woodlands (N.S.W.). Get your May A.M. today.

covered how a man can murder another though he be over a hundred miles away, which was more than the police had done.

Small was a medium-sized, parchment-skinned old man. His blue eyes, which might once have been twinkling, were now dull and expressionless.

"I want to have a talk to you, Small," Dr. Bedford said quietly.

Small stood respectfully waiting as his visitor sat down. "I haven't come on a very pleasant errand, Small," the doctor began, wishing himself miles away, yet knowing he must go on. "You'll help me very much if you'll answer all my questions."

"I'll do my best, sir," the other replied quietly, though somehow there seemed a tense note in his voice.

"When you first met Mr. Thornton you were both employed in the tin mines in Cornwall, I believe?"

"That is so, sir."

"Shortly afterwards you entered Mr. Thornton's service, while he was still a poor man, and you stayed with him until his death, a matter of some forty years?"

"Yes, sir!"

"Wasn't it true that about the time you and Mr. Thornton came to London—where subsequently Mr. Thornton made his fortune—there was

a mysterious murder committed near the mine where you were both employed?"

"I couldn't say, sir!" the man said after a hardly perceptible hesitation.

"Oh, come now, man, you must have known of it. Why, to-day I've been reading all about it in the papers of forty years ago. It created quite a sensation at the time."

"I never read the papers then, sir!"

"I see! Well, I'm going to ask you another question, and one which might surprise you!"

The doctor paused, then asked outright: "You killed that man in Cornwall, didn't you, Small, and Thornton saw you do it? That's how he got his hold over you!"

The man's expression changed. But only for a moment. When he spoke, his eyes showed merely a slightly sardonic amusement.

"I beg your pardon, sir," he said, "but I think your accusations are, to say the least of it, a trifle ridiculous!"

"So you won't admit it, eh?"

Dr. Bedford asked sharply. "Well, Small, I don't like doing this, but my hand is forced. I can't let Miss Thornton hang for something she didn't do. To-night I found how you killed Amos Thornton, even though you were in London when he died."

Small moved slightly, but Dr. Bedford went on relentlessly: "When you put the powdered digitalin into the salt-cellar, which you, and you alone, were responsible for filling with special salt—you didn't examine the sprinkler! You returned from London, found Amos Thornton dead, emptied the salt-cellar, put it back into the cupboard, cleaned and newly filled, and believed there wasn't a chance of anyone fastening anything on you should it become known that the old man had been murdered—which was unlikely, in any case."

Dr. Bedford paused, looking intently at Small, but the man made no effort to interrupt.

"You little knew that the sprinkler of the salt-cellar you filled was blocked and that the top of the duplicate pot was changed for it by Miss Thornton. To-night I got hold of the other salt-cellar and analysed the salt in the blocked sprinkler, which nobody had thought to touch. I found a tiny amount of digitalin mixed with the trapped salt. A slight hitch in your plan, Small, but sufficient to hang you!"

At this the wooden man standing before the little doctor gave way.

"I'm glad you've found out, Doctor," he said in a muffled, broken voice. "The thought of Miss Thornton being hanged would have made me confess in any case, I suppose, for she was always kind to me."

"Why did you kill that man in Cornwall?" Bedford asked gently, for now he realised that Small had never intended to implicate Nancy Thornton.

"He came on me one night on the moor. He accused me of seducing his wife. He hit out at me. I—I killed him in self-defence."

"And Thornton came along, saw what you'd done, and—"

"He said he'd swear an alibi that I'd been with him all evening if I'd do as he said. I was frantic with fear. I agreed. But I soon found out what I'd let myself in for. I—I'm pretty clever in one way and another, and Thornton knew this. I made his fortune. I speculated for him. And always he held this killing against me. He knew I was afraid . . ."

"Five years ago in Felixstowe I decided to kill him. I stole the drug I used the other day from a doctor who was attending Amos. But my nerve failed me and I dropped the idea . . ."

"But lately Amos had been tormenting and bullying me to such an extent with the hold he had over me that I was afraid someone would hear and suspect things—about the Cornwall murder."

"If I write a full confession, will—you will give me an hour before you go to the police, sir?"

Dr. Bedford hesitated. He was eager to go to Nancy Thornton, eager to see the relief in her eyes when he told her she was free. Yet he felt sorry for this man who for so long had been a victim of Amos Thornton's spite.

Small said eagerly: "Please. It's not a great deal to ask."

"But if you got away, I'd be responsible," Dr. Bedford said. To Bedford's dismay there was an ugly little automatic in Small's hand.

"Sit quite still, Dr. Bedford," Small said quietly.

"You'll never get away with it!" Bedford exclaimed.

Small smiled bleakly. "We shall see. In the meantime, I mean to give you a written and signed confession for both murders!"

Bedford watched in amazement as the man wrote rapidly.

When the document was ready, Small rose to his feet, and pocketed the automatic.

"I see you have still no intention of giving me that hour, sir," he said, and there was a note of pleading in his voice.

Bedford suddenly felt tremendously sorry for him. For he had disliked Amos Thornton as an equal and had got some idea from his niece what he was like to his dependents. "All right," he said with a frown.

"Thank you, sir," Small said, and, placing the confession in front of Bedford, turned away, a strangely impressive little figure with head thrown back on squared shoulders.

Bedford waited for a full hour before leaving the house to call the police. The sergeant answered his call.

"James Small? You mean the murdered man's servant, sir?"

"Yes. I have his signed confession. He's got an hour's start."

The sergeant was silent for a moment, then said quietly:

"He's got much more start than that, sir. He was picked up dead not half an hour ago on the main road to London. The driver of the car which knocked him down says he walked straight into him."

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